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[An Educational Supplement will be issued with our next number.]

NOTES.

IN spite of the wild comments in the English Press, now so Imperialistic, but in 1884 so insular, President Kruger has told the exact truth. If any one knows what the Convention of 1884 means and can contradict him, it is Sir Hercules Robinson, the man who had the greatest share in its negotiation and in the framing of it. It is from Sir Hercules Robinson himself that we have the information that the word "suzerainty" was wilfully omitted from the Convention. In the earlier Convention of 1881 stipulations regarding the suzerainty of Great Britain certainly did appear, and it has been suggested that a clause expressing definitely and undeniably our suzerainty was accidentally omitted. Not only has no proof of this ever been given, but the general tenour of the instrument, as well as the definite statement of Sir Hercules Robinson, disprove it, and there is no doubt that it was expressly framed to define the complete independence of the Boers. The only power we reserved—or rather the only condition of complete independence we made—was that the Transvaal should not conclude treaties with foreign States save with our approval.

President Kruger maintains that this is not equivalent to the suzerainty of Great Britain over the Transvaal. Mr. Chamberlain, with unnecessary vehemence, has asserted that it is. But the difference between the two is in fact about the meaning of the word "suzerainty," not about the meaning of the Convention. Since the President has solemnly declared that the Government of the Republic recognize the Convention and will stand by it in its entirety, and Mr. Chamberlain asks and can ask nothing more than this, there is no reason why the dispute should continue. It is not surprising that the Volksraad should have felt perturbed at Mr. Chamberlain's speech. Mr. Chamberlain's attitude for some months past has unfortunately been the reverse of conciliatory towards the Republic; but it is neither to the advantage of Great Britain nor of South Africa that the state of tension should continue.

It is to be remembered that when the Convention of 1884 was negotiated the idea of the unity of South Africa was the merest shadow of a shadow. In fact, thirteen years ago there were very few supporters of the Imperial idea at all, and we count ourselves amongst its earliest champions. Now the idea has become a great dream of the Anglo-Saxon race, and we are inclined to consider such questions as that of the Transvaal wholly from this standpoint. But the framers of the 1884 Convention had no such Imperial idea in their minds, and the suzerainty of Great Britain was

neither intended nor was it read into the Convention. The status of the Transvaal at present may fairly be compared to that of the different States of the American Union. These are all separate and individual nations, free in all domestic affairs to do whatever they like within the limits of the Constitution. But when it is a question of foreign relations then the whole community alone can decide. So it is with the Transvaal. Within its own borders the authority of its Government is supreme, and it is only in its dealings with foreign nations that the welfare of the British communities in South Africa, and of the British Empire as a whole, must be consulted. Thus much Mr. Chamberlain is bound by the Convention to admit, and so much only do President Kruger and the Boers demand.

More than one reputation for political wisdom, and even for common-sense and common political prudence, will be lost before the question of Indian frontier troubles has been relaid upon the shelf. Since 1842 there has been no such tumbling down of a house of cards as we are now witnessing. The first to forfeit confidence will be Lord Roberts. The Nemesis which overtook Sir John Houbhouse and Lord Auckland seems about to lay its rude and remorseless hands on Lord Lansdowne and the ex-Commander-in-Chief in India. It is the Nemesis which very generally overtakes rash calculations, extreme self-confidence, arrogant disregard of sober-minded advisers, weakness and imbecility. The causes of the outbreak of 1842 were in effect identical with those of the rising which we are now witnessing—viz. the profound hatred and distrust engendered by our invasion of an unoffending neighbour's territory, an insufficient military force to overawe our victim, and a very difficult theatre of operations. It would be extremely unjust to Lord Elgin to lay upon the Viceroy's shoulders only the burden of the present disasters. They are the *damnosa hereditas* left him by the Lansdowne-Roberts administration of India, whose motto was military aggression, and whose means were as unprincipled as their motto. Meanwhile, note that the part which the Russian bugbear played in 1838 is now assigned to the Sultar, the Amir of Kábul in either case being pointed to as the dupe and the agent of our principal adversary.

Nothing could be wider of the mark than to call Lord Roberts, as we see some of the papers calling him, the highest living authority on our Indian frontier politics, or on Indian frontier tribes. Lord Roberts is only one, and by no means the best informed, of many authorities. Sir Neville Chamberlain, Sir Charles Brownlow, Sir Lepel Griffin, for example, have all had far better opportunities than Lord Roberts of informing themselves as to the tribal characteristics; and their

opinions are entitled to much greater weight. Lord Roberts has lately been placing himself with characteristic urbanity at the disposal of the interviewer, who was possibly less aware than the Commander-in-Chief in Ireland that no one's reputation for political sagacity is more seriously threatened by the present imbroglia than that of Lord Lansdowne's late colleague in India.

Lord Roberts's opinions as to the cause of the present outbreak require all the more to be received with caution, inasmuch as it is actually Lord Roberts himself who is believed by many of the best informed to be at the bottom of the whole business. No living man has done more, in office or out of office, to advocate the policy of interference beyond our frontier. Now that this policy seems about to break down, it is not surprising to those who have closely watched his career, and who remember his collision with General Chapman over the notorious Contagious Diseases Circular, to find Lord Roberts busily engaged in putting the public on every scent except his own. When, "with deliberate utterance," as we read, he assures his simple interviewer that he wishes he could believe that the hand of the Ameer of Kabul was not in the movement, what suspicion could be roused that Lord Roberts himself was up to the neck and shoulders in it? Not in vain was the astute little man named, of his godfathers and godmothers, Sleigh Roberts.

The official report of the British agent in Kabul effectually disposes of Lord Roberts's insinuations that the Ameer has been in some degree responsible for the rising. The solemn oath of the Ameer in public durbar that he had always maintained friendly relations with the British Government, and had never induced his subjects or sepoys to take hostile action against the British, is as conclusive an assurance as he could possibly give us of his loyalty, and it was the more important because it was given in the presence of an unusually large number of his chiefs. The authority he possesses over the frontier tribes is not very great, but there is no reason to doubt that it is being loyally exerted on our behalf, such as it is. It is a blind policy to seek for any other causes of the rising than the obvious ones placed before our readers in the important and authoritative articles we publish to-day.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach told the North-countrymen on Wednesday that the future of agriculture in this country depends really upon the breeding of stock, and he appeared to look with equanimity on the prospect. It is natural of course that a Chancellor of the Exchequer should be in an optimistic mood at a period when the revenue is notably elastic; but it is impossible for any one who sees the inevitable result of turning the whole of England into a stock-breeding pasture-farm to share his optimism. It means the final depopulation of the countryside, the further crowding of the population into the towns, and a consequent lowering of the vitality of the nation. Nor is it even certain that stock-breeding would maintain for long the few peasantry who would remain. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach seemed to think it natural and unavoidable that we should, as a rule, be defeated by the foreigner in the growing of corn, but that we could never be beaten in the matter of stock. But England can grow as good corn as any other country in the world and can obtain a larger yield per acre; yet the influx of foreign corn has made the cultivation of the land an impossibility. And the growing influx of meat and butter and eggs is likely to do just the same for the stock-breeding industry. The real remedy is simplicity itself. It is only a superstition that keeps our statesmen from adopting it.

It was one of the notable features of the last Session of Parliament that the Irish party has gone utterly to pieces, and that its political influence is for the moment practically nil, whilst if there was one member of it more than another who has become a practical nonentity it is Mr. Dillon himself. It is pathetically absurd, therefore, for him to tell us at Dublin that the party succeeded in making itself felt as a great power on the floor of the House of Commons during the past Session. Not only is the present position of the Irish party bad.

Its future prospects are worse, for the Irish Local Government Bill which is promised for next year is likely to prove a severe blow to the Nationalist agitation. Even if the party were a coherent and powerful one under a strong leader, it would not be easy for it to recover from this thrust. As it is, the collection of jarring atoms of which it consists is likely to be dissolved into nothing. The report of Mr. Dillon's speech to the National Federation adds that Mr. William O'Brien also addressed the meeting; but the unkind reporter has failed to chronicle what he said. Thus fleeting is the glory that can be attained by the modern sans-culotte.

The pregnant word has been spoken at last at St. Petersburg. That it should have been withheld until the last moments of M. Faure's visit to the Tsar is curious, but is doubtless only theatrically significant. The important point is that at the final luncheon on board the warship "Pothuau," both the Tsar and the President referred to the French and Russian nations as not only "friendly" but "allied." That they are friendly the extraordinary ebullition of enthusiasm in the Russian nation during M. Faure's visit, an enthusiasm that has been remarkably spontaneous and complete, sufficiently proves, but that the alliance of the two nations is now definitely and officially proclaimed marks an important change in the balance of power in Europe. The Emperor of Germany has received a rebuff which he will bitterly resent and which is all the more striking because of his own recent visit to the Tsar and the capital which was made of it in the German Press. There is no doubt that the formal alliance of France and Russia makes it henceforth impossible for him to be that arbiter of the destinies of Europe he aspires to become, for the Dual Alliance is at least as powerful as the Triple Alliance was formerly and is no longer. The dream of a German hegemony has therefore vanished, and with it also, it may be added, the dreams of the abasement of England at the instigation of Germany with which the German papers have recently amused themselves.

The odd thing is that as Russia has warmed into enthusiasm France has become in a certain degree cold. The enthusiasm in Paris has been distinctly less during the past week than it was during the visit of the Tsar, and the French Press has been temperately self-congratulatory rather than madly jubilant. In fact, France has to a certain extent recovered from the excitement of finding herself no longer isolated and once again in the first rank of the Great Powers, and is beginning soberly to consider how she shall use her recovered prestige. That the question of Alsace-Lorraine will be reopened is unlikely. Such a reopening could come only after a great upheaval in Europe, and the direction French activity will take will undoubtedly be the satisfaction of her colonial ambitions. It therefore becomes more important than ever that we should maintain the most friendly relations possible with our nearest neighbour, with whom we come in close contact in so many parts of the world.

One result of the striking success of M. Faure's visit to the Tsar, as we have already pointed out, cannot fail to be an increased stability for the Third Republic. The Royalist and Bonapartist papers in France cannot conceal their chagrin at this result, and the "Soleil" warns M. Faure not to fancy himself "a viceroy of France," whilst the "Gazette de France" talks of the "humiliation" of putting the nation "under the patronage of the foreigner." French Royalists have never been remarkable for their patriotism, and their present attitude is little to their credit. Much may be forgiven them, however, when it is realized how bitter must be the reflection that a humble President can represent the nation at a foreign Court with all the dignity and brilliance which have characterized M. Faure's visit to St. Petersburg. M. Faure himself by the correctness of his bearing and his simple dignity in an unprecedented situation has won the applause of every one.

The situation at Constantinople is rapidly changing. The firm attitude Lord Salisbury has adopted with

regard to the evacuation of Thessaly is having its effect, and there seems every likelihood that France and Russia will combine with England to overcome the obstructive attitude of Germany. This is a good omen on the morrow of the announcement at St. Petersburg that France and Russia are definitely allied, for co-operative action between England and the Dual Alliance would be fruitful of many good results. Lord Salisbury's proposal that England, France and Russia should guarantee the payment of the indemnity by Greece provides an admirable and immediate solution of the deadlock. It is to be noted also that the representatives of these three Powers at Athens have declared to their several Governments that Greece cannot possibly pay an indemnity of £4,000,000. A combination of the three Powers, with the determination to turn the Turks out of Greek territory as speedily as possible, and to save Greece from a burden she cannot possibly bear, would be the most satisfactory solution of the Græco-Turkish imbroglio. It would checkmate German intrigues and would be a just punishment of the Sultan for his exaggerated claims and his shuffling delays. Only a determined combination of this kind can overcome Abdul Hamid's wily diplomacy, and Lord Salisbury is to be congratulated on having taken the lead in its formation.

The manœuvres on a small scale which have been going on near Aldershot, and came to a close on Wednesday, are noteworthy not so much for any startling revelations which they have brought to light as regards strategy and tactics, but because they are the first real attempt which has been made in this country to carry on such operations under the conditions of actual warfare. Officers and men have alike been limited to the rations supplied by the commissariat, with some slight addition in the way of beer, bread and cheese, and similar simple food which keeps up their health, and which even the chances of warfare on the Continent might sometimes put within reach of soldiers. Officers and men have fared alike as regards diet, and tent accommodation has been likewise almost on an equality.

Hitherto an order to go under canvas at manœuvres has been received with dismay by any but men of large private means. A mess has been established, usually by some contractor or other, which has vied in luxury with any to be found in barracks. A dinner fit for a London club has been enjoyed in camp several miles from a town or station, and naturally a handsome price has had to be paid for such a luxury. When one regiment or battalion did it, another could not hang back, such extravagance became a fashion, and it was no very unusual thing for men to pay ten or fifteen shillings a day for their food, and three or four shillings for furniture besides. Huge vans from the Stores were more in evidence than guns or military waggons. Manœuvres grew to be picnics on a most expensive scale. The Duke of Connaught has effected a vast change, and in doing so has made himself both more popular and more respected.

Austria and Bulgaria are friends again, and it is the unhappy interviewer who is made the scapegoat. Dr. Stoiloff has explained that he did not mean what he said at all, but something quite different. He deeply respects the august person of the Emperor of Austria, and nothing was further from his mind than to give offence to Austria-Hungary. Indeed, the one aim of his life is to sing a hymn of praise for the great virtues of the Emperor Joseph and the power and splendour of the Dual Monarchy. All which translated means that whilst Prince Ferdinand was biting his thumb at the Austrian Ambassador in Constantinople, his Prime Minister was ambitiously emulating him elsewhere. Both have now eaten humble pie and the incident is at an end. The moral is that a little boy must not be impudent to a bigger boy unless he has a still bigger boy on his side.

The French Telegraphic Administration is in terrible disgrace with the Paris Correspondent of the "Times"; and the "Times," as befits the dignity of that august

journal, "awaits explanations from the French Telegraphic Administration." It seems that a telegram from the Rome Correspondent of the "Times" concerning the "Royal duel" appeared in "Le Temps" twelve hours before it was published by the "Times." Worse still, it was not the same telegram, but a different telegram; for it declared that, in the opinion of the Rome Correspondent, the congratulatory message sent by the Emperor of Germany to the Court of Turin was *particulièrement chaleureux*, whereas the telegram published in the English paper said nothing of the sort. All which forces the Paris Correspondent to conclude that the French Telegraphic Administration has "become as unsafe as the Ottoman Post Office," and he finds himself in consequence "compelled to write by the ordinary post." This must be, of course, a serious blow to the French Telegraphic Administration, and also, we fear, to the readers of the "Times," whose news will now be one day later than it was already.

If any man is an impartial witness to the prospects of Rhodesia it should be Mr. F. C. Selous. But it needs a sanguine temperament to gather any comfort from the paper he read to the British Association at Montreal on Tuesday last on "The Economic Geography of Rhodesia." Even the "Times" has to admit that the country is "not a region offering such overwhelming attractions that it is likely to be peopled, within any period worth considering from a practical point of view, by agricultural settlers." Of attractions indeed it has none at all. A malarial fever which Europeans cannot withstand is prevalent over more than two-thirds of the territory, and for whatever can be grown in the remainder there is no accessible market. Wheat can be grown only by irrigation. Cattle are liable to be wiped out of existence by rinderpest. The grass of the country is apparently poisonous to horses, which die off in large numbers if they are allowed to eat it. The native sheep have no wool, and it has not yet been shown that wool-bearing sheep can be successfully bred. Chickens are liable to much disease and locusts occasionally devastate the country. Gold is the only hope of Rhodesia, and in spite of all efforts it has not yet been found in paying quantities. It is not a cheerful picture for the shareholders of the British South Africa Company.

The main facts about the Conferences between Mr. Chamberlain and the Colonial Premiers are now before the world in the shape of an official memorandum. Mr. Chamberlain may fairly be congratulated on having paved the way to closer relations between the various parts of the Empire. His speech was tactful and conciliatory, and the only thing we could wish is that some of the speeches of the Premiers had also been published. They would, no doubt, have afforded evidence of important differences of opinion. But though Mr. Chamberlain did not win the Colonial Premiers as a body over to the consideration of any project for substituting a partnership for the present sentimental bonds, he secured their adhesion to certain steps calculated to assist the realization of the Imperial ideal. Mr. Chamberlain tentatively suggested the creation of a Federal Council, which would afford some better machinery than now exists for consultations between the Colonies and the Mother-country. The resolution in which the views of the Premiers on this subject were recorded was not, as is urged in some quarters, a specific rejection of this proposal, but a postponement of its consideration. The Premiers, with two dissentients, were of opinion that the present relations of Great Britain and the Colonies are generally satisfactory "under existing conditions." The two dissentients were Mr. Seddon and Sir E. N. C. Braddon. But what of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who in his speeches throughout the country went so far as to urge the necessity of Colonial representatives at Westminster? The importance of the resolution centres in the qualification. When "existing conditions" have been modified, then we are to assume the Colonies will be prepared to go further into the matter.

Sir Robert Giffen's retirement from the Board of Trade should mark the beginning of a new epoch. It

cannot be doubted that England in many of its domestic and foreign relations is severely handicapped by the permanent official. They are "able" men, as a rule, these permanent officials; certainly Sir Robert Giffen is an "able" man; but they are inclined to regard their posts somewhat after the fashion of the poets of a former—shall we add of the present?—generation, who have been awarded a seat in a Government office instead of a pension. When this view does not predominate, a still one more mischievous takes its place; the idea, namely, that the post is to be used for the propagation of the holder's fads, and from this idea the retiring Board of Trade statistician was not wholly free. In his case the particular manifestation of the idea was a constant endeavour to raise his Cobdenite religion into the established economic faith of the British Empire. Concerning his successor there should be no doubt. No one who knows the excellent work which Mr. Pittar performs in his present capacity as statistician of the Customs can imagine the Government looking elsewhere.

Both those who have been for Lord Penrhyn and those who have been against him in the prolonged contest with his Bethesda quarrymen appear to find cause for congratulation in the terms of settlement announced on Saturday last. But no unbiassed observer can help feeling that on the one vital point for which the men fought Lord Penrhyn has lost. This vital point was the right of combination, and the right has been conceded. We have already expressed our opinion of Lord Penrhyn's pretensions as an employer in unequivocal terms, and we have nothing to add now on that score. He was perfectly entitled, in the absence of any compulsory clause in the Conciliation Act, to fight as long as he was able in defence of his "sacred principle"—a principle never disputed, by the way—but whether he is satisfied with the financial sacrifice involved is a little matter upon which he is, no doubt, best qualified to judge.

There is a lull in Sudan affairs, but this is only the prelude to a further advance and further operations. The capture of Abu-Hamed made it possible to push on with the railway from Wady Halfa to that place, and from latest advices we gather that this work is proceeding with vigour, 137 miles having already been completed. The discovery of a generous supply of water is another gratifying feature, and is likely to revolutionize entirely desert travel, and to lead to the settlement of villages right in the heart of the desert.

It might be possible to cavil at the appointment of the Rev. A. J. Winnington Ingram to the vacant canonry of St. Paul's on the ground that he is neither an orator nor a great scholar; but it would be grumbling, not criticism. Mr. Ingram's life in East London has given him a grip of the social problems of the day that, combined with no contemptible speaking power, enables him with certainty to hold an audience. His own church in Bethnal Green, on the one side, and his Oxford meetings, on the other, have shown this over and over again. From the point of view of ecclesiastical statesmanship the appointment is undoubtedly wise; the head of the Oxford House is one of the not too numerous clergymen who have the confidence of the working classes, and if, as we cannot doubt will be the case, he remains at his post at the Oxford House and resides in the East End, his promotion to a place of dignity may have a considerable effect in bringing together the people and the Church—we might almost say the people and religion.

On Saturday afternoon Alderman and Colonel Horatio Davies, M.P., will probably be elected Lord Mayor of London. The Alderman on other days of the week, much as his aristocratic countenance and military bearing may seem to belie the fact, is really the proprietor of Pimm's Restaurant in the City, a little matter which he does not usually publish to the world at large. However, to do the Colonel justice, we may add that he really has a right to the arms which will figure on his chariot. As for the Sheriffs—well, we shall have to deal with them a little later on in due season.

THE INDIAN WAR.

I.

ON 5 August the Secretary of State for India drew a pleasing picture in the House of Commons of the coming regeneration of the tribesmen to the north of Peshawar and along the trans-Indus border, whilst he laid special stress upon the greatly improved prospect that had been opened out for the people of Swat, Ronair and Bajour, by the making of the road from the Malakund Pass to Chitral. At the very time that Lord G. Hamilton was describing the simple steps by which the mountaineers were to be converted into loyal subjects of the British Empire, the tribesmen were preparing to do their best to sweep away the evidences of their subjugation and to falsify the estimate formed by the Secretary of State as to their appreciation of road-making. Fortunately, individual courage was unavailing against well-disciplined, well-armed, and well-commanded troops, and the posts successfully resisted the courageous attempts made to capture them. The subsequent engagements between the tribesmen and our regular troops have, as might be expected, ended in the complete discomfiture, of the tribesmen; for it is impossible for the bravest men, who are practically unarmed, to face the deadly modern firearms. The tribesmen from want of any kind of commissariat, and of everything that constitutes a movable fighting force, have to scatter to their homes in search of food, and feeling unable openly to meet the troops, they break up into bands and resort to the higher hills. This is their way of conducting war against an invading force.

The endeavour made by the Swattis and their immediate neighbours to resist the occupation of their valleys by the British troops led to the uprising of the Mahaumds and their attack on Shabkadar, with the result that the immeasurable superiority of our arms and a brilliant charge of native cavalry (of which all mountaineers entertain the greatest dread) drove them with great loss back to their hills. According to the statements made in our newspapers, the tribesmen have lost in the Swat Valley and at Shabkadar 2,000 men killed; and if the ordinary proportion of wounded to slain be taken as three to one, this gives a total of 8,000 casualties in killed and wounded, whilst our own loss is said to have amounted to about 100.

Can it be conceived that such slaughter endured in the determination to preserve the ancient independence should not move the hearts and consciences of the more distant tribesmen, who are allied by those ties that bind men together—that is to say, race, religion, language, and modes of thought and action—and who still consider themselves to enjoy the blessing of freedom from the direct control of a foreign and infidel race? Even that Afghan ruler, with the heart of steel, has told us (through Miss Hamilton) the impression made upon his mind by the hundreds of independent Mahomedan tribesmen killed by our troops since the signing of the Durand Agreement—in Waziristan and in the operations for the relief of Chitral.

No nation is more alive than our own to the spirit of patriotism; but unfortunately, in my opinion, the notion prevails far too greatly among us that this sentiment and impulse is to be set aside as of no moment whenever we come into contact with it in others to whom we are opposed. It would be well if the words spoken by Sir William Harcourt to the Welsh on the very day of the debate on India were taken to heart by our countrymen. In that speech Sir William Harcourt describes patriotism as "the ideal of a race that nourishes the most indestructible of all passions." I am convinced that the patriotic sentiment of the independent border tribes is, and will continue to remain, as ardent as that of any other race of men.

It is only natural that every thinking person should ask what has brought about the present state of unrest and actual warfare prevailing for so many miles along the border of the Upper Indus. From the time of the annexation of the Punjab up to the past few years, the principle prevailed of leaving the independent tribesmen to settle their own internal affairs without let or hindrance, only intervening when forced to do so to check inroads and uphold our own position as the rulers

of India; and it must be borne in mind that the India of those days did not extend beyond the passes leading into Afghanistan. When driven to punish any border tribe for continued aggression by military operations, the Government contented itself with asserting its power over the offending parties, and having exacted redress withdrew its troops. For minor offences the tribe was not allowed to come into our territory to trade, and any one found disobeying this order was placed in confinement until the exacted penalty was paid. That policy was well understood by the tribesmen—it was never considered as interference with their independence; and the peace of the border was maintained with as little friction and outlay as could with justice be expected, considering the antecedents of the people to be dealt with and the little control that could be exercised over them by their chiefs.

It is certain this policy stood England in good stead during the Mutiny of 1857. Instead of the frontier men looking upon us as enemies, upon whom to take vengeance for past injuries, they, at the bidding of our frontier officers, captured and sent back the Sepoys who had mutinied and sought refuge in their hills. They willingly flocked into our service; and their assistance helped largely towards the suppression of the Sepoy revolt and the restoration of order throughout India. It is not to be inferred that this was done from any feeling of loyalty towards the British rule. We had proved ourselves to be reasonable neighbours, and that sufficed. Had our previous policy been aggressive, they would then assuredly have taken up arms against us. Hazara and all the trans-Indus territory would have been in open rebellion; and the Punjab itself might have been lost to us. Further, during the last Afghan War, the tribes, with the exception of a section of the Pass Afreedis, gave no trouble; and that exception, I understood, was due to some mismanagement, rather than absolute hostility to the English. That such was the case was fortunate; for the position of General Roberts's force at Cabul was at all times precarious enough without our having to meet a combination in its rear.

In short, the policy of the Government for several years after the annexation of the Punjab was opposed to expending the resources of India on military preparations for aggrandizement beyond the established frontier, or on the plea of preparing India to resist aggression by Russia. It desired to live on friendly terms with its neighbours beyond the border, and with the ruling authority at Cabul, feeling assured that no advance and no huge outlay on a "scientific frontier" could add to the strength of our position. It felt that on these conditions it could count upon the good will of the tribesmen and the Afghan ruler and his people; and that if occasion should arise we could feel sure they would give their willing aid to repel the invader.

That policy has been ridiculed as antiquated, and has been set aside by what is known as the "forward party." A new departure has been embarked upon. Outposts have been pushed forward inside the hills—permanent garrisons have been established on lands belonging to the tribesmen. Valleys have been opened out and roads made with the object of letting them understand that they are no longer independent, but that they are at our mercy; and the whole system of intercourse with them has made them aware that the old order of things has passed away. It is these acts that have led the tribes to coalesce; it is this system that has taught them that union is strength, and has fanned the spirit of resistance that will be transmitted to future generations.

Instead of searching for the reason of the present outbreak from within, and at our very threshold, they are popularly proclaimed as due to outside influences. It is a mad mullah, a fanatical priesthood, Mahomedan fanaticism, the Sultan, the Khalif, Turkish successes in Greece, the Ameer of Cabul, the spirit of unrest in India—in short, anything but the real cause. It is not to be denied that a very strong feeling on the question of faith does exist amongst the disciples of Mahomed all the world over; nor is it improbable that other causes have had some effect. But this is not by any means the first occasion since the annexation of the Punjab that the tribesmen have been exposed to outside in-

fluences and have remained unmoved. To my own knowledge, occasions have arisen when their priestly guide has endeavoured to promote a rising, and his house has been pulled about his ears for his pains. For seed cannot flourish and be fruitful unless it fall upon a suitable soil.

It is my firm conviction that it is the "forward policy" that has impelled the tribesmen to take up arms. With no "irresponsible levity," as once imputed to me by a leading journal, have I ever addressed the public on the subject of frontier defence. I have always felt the weight of my responsibility, and in now making this communication I do so solely on public grounds.

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, General.

II.

EVENTS have developed themselves rather rapidly since last Saturday on the Indian frontier. There are signs, also, that the character of the disturbances is better understood in this country than was the case at first. We hear no more of rebellion, mutiny and insurrection. It is coming to be understood that the outbreak is not a rising against British authority of British subjects within our border; but a declaration of hostilities by independent tribes situated beyond the British frontier. Of these, some, like the Afridis, are subsidized by us in order to keep open a great artery of communication with Kábul, while others have lately been called on to receive British garrisons within their territory, like the Orakzáis and the Swátis. Some, again, have no connexion with our Government, like the Momands and the Bonerwáls. It is, in effect, a foreign war that we are waging, with this peculiarity, that our opponents are subjects of no one central authority or authorities, but a congeries of cognate tribes, which have been severally independent from time immemorial; and with this to be remembered, that into the heart of some among these independent tribes have lately been introduced, and are still stationed, small foreign bodies of British soldiery. Merely to state the case in these terms (which are strictly accurate and moderate) seems to point almost irresistibly to the introduction of these foreign bodies into the tribal system as the main cause of the present hostilities; the more so as the most competent and disinterested critics have always affirmed that such would inevitably, and in a brief period, be the result of our interference with their independence. But, as the Indian authorities are still silent on the point, and as other conjectures as to the possible causes of the outbreak have been hazarded, it is, perhaps, still premature to decide definitely. There may possibly, for instance, be more than one element at work which in ordinary times would have shown itself inoperative, but which has proved itself effective at a moment when the independence of the tribes seemed threatened, and when their passionate love of liberty had been thereby heated into flame.

Light should surely be available on this point from Swát. Sir Bindon Blood and the political officers in his camp have for many days past been in direct and friendly communication with some of their late opponents. These will, presumably, have made the British officers acquainted with the nature of their grievances. If their version of their wrongs has, as is probable, been duly communicated to the Government of India by its officers in Swát, and if the Government of India will make it public without reserve, much light will be thrown on the causes which have united, and are uniting, so large a majority of the tribes against us. Perhaps it is hardly to be expected that Indian military officers should welcome complaints directed at the forward frontier policy which many among them advocate, or that the Government of India should be in any hurry to publish matter which must call very gravely into question their recent doings beyond their frontier. But, until at least this source of inquiry has been thoroughly opened up and fairly exhausted, it is of little profit to indulge in such dark forebodings and mysterious speculation as to foreign gold or Kábul intrigues as are still sometimes thrust under our notice.

The Afridis, at any rate, have spoken out for themselves, and have thereby thrown some light upon the problem. Accounts differ in some respects as to the

precise terms which they have proposed to the British authorities. But all accounts agree in this, that foremost among their terms is the withdrawal of British garrisons from the Swât country and from the Samâna range. Whether or no such a demand, either now or at any future time, is likely to be complied with, it is not necessary here to discuss; but at least it has the advantage of being plain, unequivocal, and intelligible. Our advance into Swât territory, and our retention of certain fortified spots within that territory, are too recent and too notorious to need explanation at present. But the allusion to the Samâna range takes us back to events somewhat more remote in time, and therefore probably more obscured in public memory. Reference to Thorburn's "Asiatic Neighbours" will explain it, and will at the same time show why the Orakzâis are mentioned in telegrams from India as prominent among the tribes likely to be leagued against us. The passage is but one of many which, coming at different times and from different sources, have during late years, in language almost identical, warned us of the hornet's nest we were likely to bring about our ears when, after Lord Dufferin had laid down the reins of government in India, we entered upon the new departure in our Panjab frontier policy which has since led us and kept us across the border.

"Expeditions of the old style," Mr. Thorburn writes, "were launched against the Orakzâis in 1855 and 1868; but it was not until 1891 that the tribe realized what punishment should mean. Our troops entered their hills in midwinter, quartered their whole country, blew up their towers, burnt the woodwork of their villages, destroyed their grain stores, and did not finally withdraw until dominating positions on the Samâna range had been occupied or garrisoned. A treacherous rising soon after occurred, on which the former operations were repeated, but more drastically, and resulted in exemplary punishment being inflicted on the tribe. Had the work ended with the heavy losses in life and property suffered by the Orakzâis in those two expeditions, the lesson would have been an enduring one and have left no open wound. *It was, however, decided at the end of the first phase to fortify and garrison several strong commanding positions just inside the enemy's territory.* By so doing, we have permanently locked up in unimportant positions regular troops, who in war-time could be better employed elsewhere. In addition, a large and unnecessary charge is added to the already heavy military expenditure of the Government of India, and a perpetual grievance is created which will embitter the Orakzâis against us for all time." (P. 211.)

The passages I have italicized will explain why the name of the Orakzâi tribe figures prominently among those which are likely to be hostile, and why the evacuation of the Samâna range is coupled with that of Swât territory in the bill of the Afridi indictment. If it should be asked what business all this is of the Afridis, the answer, of course, must be that, in the judgment of the Afridis, the treatment accorded to Orakzâi in 1891 and to Swâtî in 1895 may now, or at some little distant time, be extended to their neighbours around the Khyber.

The ultimate outcome of all this fighting cannot, of course, be doubted. We may be sure that the British forces now gathered and gathering upon the border will give a good account of the enemy. Whether other tribes will not join in, and whether a considerably larger force will not ultimately be needed than the 40,000 men now said to be aligned along the frontier, may, however, be well doubted. When the British forces resume the offensive, expeditions will have to be organized into the tribal country at various points along the border; communications must be maintained between each such expedition and its base, and at each base reinforcements, reserves and provisions must be concentrated. The reports which are published of the complete subjugation of the Swât country are probably premature. The few who have remained in the deserted villages visited by Sir Bindon Blood's troops have no doubt yielded to superior force. But it is evident that the mass of the fighting men have retreated into the inner country; the "Mujâns," or religious leaders, in spite of all assurances to the contrary, have not surrendered themselves; no "jirgah," or tribal deputation, has presented itself to

arrange conditions; the giving up of 600 or 700 rifles only from among so many thousand armed men alone shows that this alleged submission of the Swâtî tribe is premature. While deprecating needless alarm, it is no less necessary to avoid equally groundless confidence or to place reliance on obviously imperfect information. The situation is accurately summed up and cannot be better expressed than in a Reuter's special service message from Bombay, dated the 25th inst., and published in the London papers of the day following:—"With the Khyber Pass believed to be held by the Afridis, the Orakzâis threatening isolated posts in the Kurram Valley, the Mohmands meditating the renewal of hostilities around Shabkadar, thousands of men engaged in crushing the revolt in the Swât Valley, and two large brigades holding the Tochi Valley, where the Mahsud Waziris are once more restive, it is evident that the Indian Government is at the present moment confronted by a grave crisis, involving heavy expenditure and probably considerable loss of life."

No doubt; and is the Indian labourer, or the Indian artisan—is it our Indian fellow-subject only—who is to meet this little account? The long foreseen and foretold military bill has fallen due at last, and has been presented with a vengeance. Somehow or other it must be honoured. Serious as the military task now before the Government of India may be, Lord Elgin and his Council will meet with less difficulty, it may be apprehended, in putting down the tribal risings than in finding the resources necessary to defray their cost, without adding materially to the discontent and irritation already too rife among our own Indian fellow-subjects, and having its roots in fiscal pressure and in the growing popular belief of the increasing poverty of India. A. COLVIN.

THE POLITICIAN AS MAN OF LETTERS.

DUMFRIES did Mr. Balfour an ill turn when it invited him to inscribe his name upon its Burgess roll. The serious business of Mr. Balfour's life is politics; in literature and philosophy he is but a dabbler. But the temptation to emulate Lord Rosebery, who is no politician, but an admirable man of letters, was strong upon him, and has led him to stand upon the Dumfries platform and reveal his weakness in the sight of all men. During the Burns centenary celebrations of last year Lord Rosebery, both at Dumfries and at Edinburgh, added something to our knowledge of the man, Burns, and in like degree quickened our love for him. The ex-Premier, as might have been expected, displayed none of the reticence of the politician; it was, indeed, the ingenuousness and high sincerity of his literary temperament which had brought about his downfall in the political arena. Boldly he told the whole truth about Burns, concealing nothing and extenuating nothing, for he was moved to deepest sympathy, not by the few moments of success, but by the pathos and tragedy in the poet's life. And whilst he placed the whole man before us, his two addresses were admirable essays, composed with keen regard for literary form and distinguished by a delicacy and elegance of phrase which are wholly foreign to the hackneyed platitudes of the politician's speech. At the time we wrote:—"Fancy a politician, Gladstone or Canning if you will, called upon to speak about Burns. How he would spend himself in commonplaces; how he would expatiate on his genius, wisely avoiding his vices!" It is not Mr. Gladstone who has taken upon himself to fulfil our prediction, but Mr. Balfour, and thereby he has also discovered to us how wholly his mind is cast in the political mould. In the address he delivered at Dumfries on Tuesday he merely added to the number of commonplace judgments with which our politicians interest the groundlings. Platitude is the breath of life to politics, and every sentiment and every opinion Mr. Balfour uttered, when it was not beside the mark, was trite and obvious.

He spoke of Burns, of Scott, of Carlyle and of Stevenson, and at the very outset made a statement which if taken exactly is merely absurd, and if taken broadly is untrue. "I do not suppose," he said, "that four such different geniuses could be found

in the literature of any country." It is not possible that Mr. Balfour has never heard of Shakspeare, Swift, Keats and Defoe; of Homer, Sophocles, Plato and Lucian; of Virgil, Lucretius, Catullus and Tacitus; of Kant, Lessing, Goethe and Heine; of Rabelais, Montaigne, Molière and Balzac. It is clear that Mr. Balfour was speaking carelessly, intent only on flattering his hearers—was in fact playing the politician. In the very next sentence he plunges into obvious commonplace and declares that of the four Scotsmen, it is Burns who is "nearest to the hearts of the great mass of our fellow-countrymen." How characteristic of the politician is that piece of cant "the hearts of the great mass," and how opposed to the contempt which a man of letters is inclined to pour upon the crowd "incapable of perfectness"! Mr. Balfour is no happier when he deals with Stevenson, whose style, he says, for grace and suppleness has hardly been equalled by any writer, English or Scotch. This is an opinion which is not only *saugrenu*, but is not even original, for it is easy to see that it comes from the fountain-head of the Stevenson cult. Nor did Mr. Balfour need to go all the way to Dumfries to tell us that "Carlyle was a great genius," whilst for his reputation's sake he had better have stayed in London than have revealed to us his total incapacity to appreciate Carlyle's position, either as a man of letters or as a moral influence. In the privacy of his study he should read Carlyle's essay on Burns and compare it with his own platitudes, if he would understand the man's greatness. Or if that will not convince him he should try the first chapter of the "French Revolution." And if he cannot appreciate the superb artistry of that magnificent picture he should abjure literature once for all and confine his reading to Bain on The Brain or Kant on Modes of Thought, varied by the speeches of his political opponents. Most stupendous of all, however, are the fatuity and banality of Mr. Balfour's appreciation of Sir Walter Scott. He is "one of the greatest men of letters that ever lived in any country"; he is "more likely to defy the ravages of time than almost any other of the writers who have adorned the present century." At this latter sentiment his audience cheered, but we fear that Mr. Balfour has not the literary wit to apply to himself the query of the Greek orator to his friend: "What folly have I uttered that the populace applauds?" Here the pure politician stands forth confessed. He is always saying that which he thinks his listeners would like to hear; but the man of letters is plagued chiefly by the desire to put new wine into the old bottles, to give the new *aperçu* the perfect form of an old proverb. Mr. Balfour's literary sense must be deplorably dull if he does not perceive that already Sir Walter Scott's reputation is on the wane. We can say of him with truth something less than Goethe said of Schiller's Don Carlos, "So long as there are boys of twelve and fourteen in the world so long will Scott's novels find readers;" but it is rank blasphemy to place Scott with the greatest novelists, with Balzac, and Defoe, and Tourgenief; to say nothing of the still greater men of letters with whom Scott has not even an accidental companionship.

But perhaps, after all, this is the best we have any right to expect from a semi-Prime Minister. It seems quite natural and proper that Mr. Balfour should stand upon a platform and declare, with serious mien and conviction in his tones, that "one of the greatest possessions of any community is the memory of its great men." The sentiment is most correct and does Mr. Balfour credit; it goes straight to "the hearts of the great mass of our fellow-countrymen"; but alas! it was infinitely better expressed by Thucydides, and in literature the borrower is as bad as the thief. What can be more fitting than that the statesman's glowing peroration should be a vow that the prosperity of Dumfries should never cease to grow; that the name of Dumfries should be "associated in the future, as it has been in the past, with the names of men who have rendered Scotland illustrious"; and that there be added to "the long and brilliant roll" of the burgesses of Dumfries "many a name as yet unknown, but which our children and our children's children may revere as ornaments of their country and as pillars of the State"? Great and glorious Dumfries, thrice blessed amongst cities! In-

tellectual and glorious nation of Scots, surpassing all the peoples of the earth! And mighty and glorious platitude, potent weapon of the politician! How are ye all exalted!

But where in all this is any perception of wider and deeper issues? When Lord Rosebery spoke he spoke as a humanist. His wide sympathies, his ingenuous sincerity, his literary temperament, led him to opinions that were luminous, and eventfully original. He retailed no dull commonplaces; his judgments were a nearer approximation to the ultimate truth. For him Burns was great because he was human. He slurred over nothing, but dared to tell all. It was the pathos and tragedy of Burns's life upon which he dwelt; on the brief flash of glory; on the long struggle with himself and with the world. But Mr. Balfour is all smug complacency and borrowed opinions. He handles gingerly all matters that might ruffle the susceptibilities of his audience, or rather he shuffles them aside with prudent cowardice. He is resolved to say just what his listeners want him to say. The humour of it is that all the while Lord Rosebery believed himself a politician, which every one knew he was not, and Mr. Balfour is equally under the delusion that he is a man of letters. How great is the self-deception of both men may be judged from their contrasted utterances. "We have something to be grateful for," said Lord Rosebery, "even in the weakness of men like Burns. Mankind is helped in its progress almost as much by the study of imperfection as by the contemplation of perfection. Had we nothing before us in our futile and halting lives but saints and the ideal, we might well fail altogether. We grope blindly along the catacombs of the world, we climb the dark ladder of life, we feel our way to futurity, but we can scarcely see an inch around or before us. We stumble and falter and fall, our hands and knees are bruised and sore, and we look up for light and guidance. Could we see nothing but distant, unapproachable impeccability, we might well sink prostrate in the hopelessness of emulation and the weariness of despair. Is it not then, when all seems blank and lifeless and lifeless, when strength and courage flag, and when perfection seems remote as a star, is it not then that imperfection helps us? When we see that the greatest and choicest images of God have had their weaknesses, like ours, their temptations, their hour of darkness, their bloody sweat, are we not encouraged by their lapses and catastrophes to find energy for one more effort, one more struggle? Where they failed we feel it a less dishonour to fail; their errors and sorrows make, as it were, an easier ascent from infinite imperfection to infinite perfection. Man, after all, is not ripened by virtue alone."

Here spoke the true man of letters, and through the phrases there rings a thrilling note of personal sincerity, the voice of a man who has himself known the hollowness of success, the bitterness of failure. How feeble and futile sound beside this the obvious half-truths and the unctuous glib phrases of the politician! "I know no other case," said Mr. Balfour—"I do not speak dogmatically upon the point, but I do not recall any other case—in which we can say with the same confidence that a poet has occupied a place, and a great place, in universal literature, and that he is also the daily companion of hundreds of thousands of men and women who cannot be described as belonging to a class who make an occupation of literary study. I imagine that this unique fact, if unique fact it be, is in part due to the circumstance that Burns dealt so largely with those great elementary feelings, passions, and experiences which are common to every human being, whether he be literary or whether he be not literary, whatever his occupation in life may be, whatever be the labours which engross his time. For his best poems, after all—not all his poems, but the bulk of the best—deal with such things as love and friendship, the joys of family life, the sorrows of parting, all things which come within the circle of our daily experience, and he dealt with them simply as they are in a manner which comes home to every man and every woman, which readily echoes their own intimate sense of reality. It speaks to them, therefore, in tones of sympathy and of consolation, and is present with

them in all the experiences of their daily life." Lord Rosebery has disappeared from the political sphere. He was Prime Minister and failed, but one day he will come back to us in his true character and, we may hope, succeed. In literature sincerity and courage are qualities that lead to success. But truth and politics never yet agreed. Mr. Balfour enjoys and is an adept at the political game. One day, no doubt, he will be a fully fledged Prime Minister. He may even come to rank with the philosophers for all that we know or care, but he can never be anything more than an intruder in the domain of literature.

A MAN OF BALLIOL.

THE British Association's debate on Free-trade was peculiarly apposite. The Cobdenite system has been challenged so vigorously since the Association last met that that body could not well ignore the subject when framing its agenda for this session. But the appositeness of the occasion is manifested in the fact that the session is held this year in Canada, and it is Canada which has inaugurated the revolution against Cobdenite Little-Englandism. But the British Association paid Canada the left-handed compliment of inviting an opponent of Fair-trading to open the ball. The gentleman in question was Mr. Edwin Cannan, of Balliol College, Oxford; and, judging from the telegraphic summary of his address on "National Policy and International Trade," one would hesitate to assert that his remarks will go far either to make his own reputation or to enhance that of Balliol. According to the newspaper report, Mr. Cannan's main thesis was the statement of his belief "that skilled labour was the prime essential in a nation's manufacturing success," and from this wonderful article of faith he deduced the equally wonderful corollary that "therefore it was advisable to allow free importation of the most ingenious and cheap products of other countries." It is a puzzling statement, however one views it, and I can but trust for Mr. Cannan's sake that he has been misreported. If such be the case, he will do well to take an early opportunity to set right the grievous wrong to his logical and economic understanding which Reuter's Special Service has done him.

If, on the other hand, the report be accurate in substance, Mr. Cannan has still a work of explanation to perform. He should tell us how "the free importation of the most ingenious and cheap products of other countries" is going to help this nation or its skilled labour to manufacturing success. Let our artisans' skill be never so great, yet if "the most ingenious" imports from abroad are produced under conditions which make them "cheap" relatively to our own, it is obvious that they will compete victoriously with our manufactures if they are permitted free ingress to our home market. This is such simple matter of fact that the statement reads as mere platitude; yet it turns Mr. Cannan's marvellous thesis into balderdash. I suppose that Mr. Cannan was groping after an encomium on technical education, and I should be the last to condemn any reasonable efforts in that wholesome direction; but Mr. Cannan's method of exalting educational virtue is so unreasonable that it is likely to do the Technical College more harm than good. In effect, this British Association lecturer says, Devote yourselves to the acquirement of skill in craftsmanship; therein lies your only chance of success; but do not expect that your Government will do aught to save you from those products of German and American and Japanese technical skill which are produced under generally cheaper conditions than yours can be, which do not bear the indirect taxation that the products of your industry bear, which have a certain market secured to them in their own countries by Protectionist tariffs, so that the surplus may be shipped abroad at a price which would not otherwise more than cover the cost of production, and which are aided in their shipment to this country by all sorts of transport and other subsidies. Is it to be wondered at that the British manufacturer and the British workman under such circumstances shrug shoulders in pessimistic indifference, and turn their backs on what undoubtedly is an essential to manufacturing success at the present day? When will these belated economists

learn that self-help needs to be supplemented by State-help? Else, why the State? The State exists, not to show forth the divine right of kings, but to aid the citizens of the State in those affairs which demand the larger combination. The larger combination and the State are indeed interchangeable terms; and the dignity of the self-helping citizen suffers no greater harm, nor are his own self-reliant powers any more weakened by receiving proper State-aid than they are when he is the recipient of aid from such smaller combinations as banks and insurance societies. If the State is not to protect the industry which contributes its enforced dole to that State's maintenance, then let us be logical and thorough, and fall into the arms of Mr. Auberon Herbert and the Individualist Anarchists. It may be replied that certain forms of State-aid are allowable and good, but not that form known as Protection—it has its drawbacks, and we can do without it. But can we? Is it in the least likely that technical education in England will ever reach a point so high that the education of Germany and Switzerland becomes poor by comparison? Is it ever likely that our commercial travellers will acquire such skill in languages and the art of squeezing into every corner of a market that they will be able to edge out the resourceful Yankee and the "pushful" polyglot from Berlin? Or is it likely that our manufacturers and merchants will possess progressive instincts and insight, the instinct for scenting out a new market, and the pliability in adapting themselves to an old market in a greater degree than their foreign rivals? Of course not. Then, other things being certainly no more than equal in favour of the English manufacturer, how can it be said that he can afford to do without that more powerful aid of a fiscal tariff which his rivals enjoy? We have proof that he cannot. Quickly or slowly, as you like—but at any rate surely—he is being overtaken by his rivals. For half a century this aid has been withdrawn from him. At the time of its withdrawal, and for a generation afterwards, no great harm followed, simply because the Englishman enjoyed many advantages which the foreigner then lacked. But now the foreigner is also entering into the inheritance of industrial opportunity; and now, therefore, the great aid must be restored to the Englishman, or the foreigner will enjoy advantages over the Englishman as weighty as those which were formerly enjoyed by the Englishman in relation to the foreigner.

ERNEST E. WILLIAMS.

THE BEST SCENERY I KNOW.

XIII.

THERE is something rather ogre-ish in that love of scenery which is so salient a feature of our times and has been so well exemplified in recent numbers of this paper. It might be argued that every kind of true love has an ogre-ish element; humanity, in its egoism, being unable to appreciate a thing, unless it have also power to destroy it. The comparative indifference with which the ancients seem to have regarded landscape might be traced to their lack of tools for its destruction. We, in this century, suffer from no such lack, and our love of landscape is quite unbounded. We have water-towers wherewith to cap our little hills, railway-trains to send along the ridges of our valleys, coal-shafts to sink through ground where, for many centuries, forests have been growing. We have factories, too, for the margins of wide rivers, texts about pills and soaps for the enamelling of meads, and telegraph-wires for the threading of air, and tall, black chimneys for all horizons. Those of us who are County Councillors are imbued with a peculiar sensibility to all forms of beauty. They cannot rest till they have given proofs and tokens of their great love. "Lo, here," they say, "is old Hampstead Heath! It has a wild charm. Let's level it!" or "Lo, there is dear Chelsea Reach! Who does not know and love it? Let's embank it!"

Month in, month out, with tears blinding our eyes, we raise tombs of brick and mortar for the decent burial of any scenery that may still be lying exposed. A little while, and English landscape will have become the theme of antiquarians, and we shall be listening to learned lectures on scenology and gazing at dried

specimens of the trees, grasses and curious flowers that were once quite common in our counties. I am glad that there are, in the meantime, still some fragments of country not built over. I make the most of them, whenever I am at leisure. I think that Prangley Valley is the fragment that most fascinates me; partly because it is so utterly sequestered, yet so near to London. From Kew Gardens one may reach it in less than half an hour's walking, but the way to it lies through such devious and narrow lanes, that the wheel of no scorchers scars it, and it is unimpressed by any Arrian or Arriettian boot. Indeed, I have often wondered how the "King's Sceptre," a Jacobean inn which stands just above the Valley, can thrive so finely on so little custom. John Willet himself seemed not more prosperously-paunched than the keeper of this inn, and, though I have never met any fellow-farer at his door, my advent does not seem to flutter him. The notion that any human creature should care to drink old ale from one of his burnished tankards, or should admire the Valley over which he has always lived, seems to puzzle him rather, but not to excite him. It is very pleasant to sit on the settle that stands, in summer-time, across the lawn of his sloping garden; pleasant to sit there, among the hollyhocks and fuchsia-beds, and look down upon the little, hollow Valley that is so perfect in its way. I am afraid it is not a grand or an uncomfortable piece of scenery. It cannot lay claim to a single crag, peak or torrent. It suggests the artfulness, rather than the forces, of Nature. Its charm is toy-like. The stream that duly bisects it is so slight and unassuming that I have quite forgotten its name. I remember that my innkeeper once told me, with a touch of pride, that it was a tributary of the Thames. Perhaps it is, but it looks suspiciously like a riband. So neat, so nicely matched one to another, are the poplar-trees on the opposite brow of the Valley, that one fancies they must stand, as in the nursery, on rounds of yellow wood, and would topple at the touch. Among these amusing trees there is one solitary tenement. It is a kind of pavilion, built of grey stone and crowned with a dome round which stand gilded statuettes of the nine Muses. I know not what happens in it now, but it is said to have been designed by Sir Roland Hanning, physician-in-ordinary to Queen Adelaide, and used by him as a summer-house and library, whenever he was in residence at Kew. Seen from a distance, with the sun gleaming on its grey and gilt, the pavilion has an absurd charm of its own. Set just where it is, it makes, in painter's jargon, a pretty "spot" in the whole scheme. One can hardly believe, though, that any one but a marionette ever lived there. Indeed, were it not for the sheep, which are browsing on the slope and are obviously real, and for their shepherd, who is not at all like Noah, one would imagine that the whole Valley was but a large, expensive toy. A trim, demure prospect, unambitious, unspoilt! The strange brightness of its verdure and the correctness of its miniature proportions make it seem, in the best sense of the word, artificial. If it has not been designed and executed with intense care, it is certainly the luckiest of flukes. Greater it might be, but not better. I feel that, for what it is, it is quite perfect. So it soothes me, and I am fond of it.

I am not a railway-company, nor a builder, nor a County Councillor. I had no direct means of ruining Prangley Valley. But I have written my encomium of it, and now it is likely to be infested by all the readers of this paper and by most of their friends. I have given away my poor Valley. The prospector will soon be prospecting it, and across its dear turf the trippers will soon be tripping. In sheer wantonness, I have ruined my poor Valley. All true love has its ogre-ish element.

MAX BEERBOHM.

XIV.

I HAVE not travelled the world over; I am acquainted only with the politer parts of Europe, and, having arrived in my journeys beyond Britain at ultimate Rome, I have been content, like John Evelyn, to make that the *non ultra* of my travels and to half-persuade myself with him that there is "little more to be seen in the rest of the civil world after Italy, France, Flanders

and the Low Countries but plain and prodigious barbarism." This wholly indefensible point of view may in some measure explain, or at least excuse, my notion of what constitutes scenery. Scenery, I hold, is a relative thing. Its interest and beauty depend entirely upon the human drama of which it is the background and from which its best colours are taken. There cannot, as I conceive it, be any scenery at the Poles or in the unexplored recesses of the Great Desert. A road or hut may at a pass make a scene; but something more is necessary to a masterpiece. In brief, excepting the human form, I take architecture to be the better part of scenery. Do but rob Claude of his palaces and castles, and his Vergilian lights and airs will show most ineffectually. The finest scenes contain a whole city at the least: Ancona from the sea, Venice from the Lido, Assisi from Santa Maria degli Angeli, are all incomparable scenes. In England many of our cathedral towns afford scenes of a very different kind, but unrivalled in their way: Durham from the banks, some parts of Oxford, Lincoln, and I know not what others. But the finest scene to my mind (which I, who was born within the sound of Bow Bells, am not ashamed to prefer even to the most famous vistas of Italy) is here daily before our eyes if we would but trouble ourselves to look at it. I do not allude to the Thames at Chelsea, or even to Epping Forest. My "prospect" is not so obvious; it must be sought out at some pains. The hour, moreover, must be propitious, the traveller not irreverent.

I chanced upon it in this way. One fresh spring morning—for me, a prodigious term of years ago—I had borrowed the keys of St. Saviour's Church in Southwark, to hunt out the few traces of the original church which the restorers of the 'thirties had, in their pious zeal, neglected to re-edify; for as yet the building had not been re-restored into an authentic monument of the present decade of grace. My predilections were still, I think, for the Gothic: any stone which revealed the chisel of the mediæval mason was yet for me an object of interest, if not of enthusiasm. Led by my curiosity, I began to explore the tower of the church, and at length found myself on the lead-flat of the roof. Here a sight broke on me which made me speedily forget the matter I was intent upon. A fresh south-west wind was up, and large fleecy clouds were passing in rapid succession across a blue sky, casting over the illimitable city great chequered spaces of shadow, which, flying before the wind, chased the dappled sunshine away into the uncertain distance. Out of this moving mass of light and shade ever and anon some storied tower or fantastic steeple passed suddenly into brilliant light, and as suddenly again passed into shade—an inky shape against the clouded horizon. Here, by the river-side, the bleached stonework of some delicate steeple; there, in the middle distance, the immense, soaring, four-square mass of some pinnacled tower assumed a dazzling whiteness, scarcely less brilliant than flesh in sunlight, only to fade in a moment like some unsubstantial thing into the universal grey of the distance. Half a hundred towers and spires flashed into as many various shapes, now rich, now fantastic or severe—the opulence of a great imagination poured out in bewildering profusion. Such was the scene as it occurred to me that April morning. A new world lay discovered before me: the genius of Wren had found in me a votary of Italian architecture. I resolved to leave my poor Gothic fragments and to see Italy for myself. If England, said I, can show such a scene, what may not be found in Rome, Genoa, or Naples? But I was doomed to be disappointed.

Among the drawings by Thomas Girtin which are in the British Museum is a water-colour of this very scene, taken from Bankside, somewhat west of St. Saviour's Church. It shows a score of steeples and towers in brilliant light, and as many more in shadow. The colours of the scene, the dazzling light on the bleached stonework, the sable spires against the gloomy horizon are admirably expressed, but the vivacity and the motion are wanting. Such things were beyond the art even of Thomas Girtin. Yet his drawing preserves much that we now look for in vain. At that time there was no bridge to interrupt the reach of the river between Blackfriars and London Bridge; neither, as

yet, had the vast roof of Cannon Street Station abruptly interposed its shapeless mass into the delicate perspective. The long line of glittering steeples by the riverside, which Girtin has faithfully represented in his drawing, had not as yet been thinned by the zealous hands of the Established Church. The charming brick campanile of St. Benet, Paul's Wharf, with its leaded cupola, remains certainly to this day, with the towers of St. James Garlickhithe, and St. Michael Paternoster Royal, wreathed with columns and designedly set side by side, like two divisions in music run upon the same ground, as if their architect wished to show with what variety he was able to treat some prescribed architectural motive. St. Magnus—an inimitable piece of invention—remains, and the tower of St. Mary Somerset, shorn of its church, remains. But where is the charming and delicate stone cupola of St. Mary Magdalene, Knight-riding Street? Where is the steeple of St. Michael Queenhithe, with its gilded ship in full sail, the modest tower of Allhallows the More, the storied campanile of St. Michael, Crooked Lane? Could Girtin again view the scene he would search in vain for many others in the more northern parts of the City: for the stately stone spire of St. Antholin's; for Allhallows, Bread Street, which even the name of John Milton could not save; with many more, now mere names, half-forgotten histories.

Perhaps the stately remnant of Wren's steeples and spires appear more solemn and magnificent as they rise to-day out of the mean and monstrous labyrinth of modern London than when they first rose complete above the picturesque brick houses and tiled roofs of London in the seventeenth century. The bleaching winds and the sooty fumes are as subtle virtues of its magic atmosphere, which seem to have brought out and intensified some spiritual element of the Middle Ages which linger in the pagan columns and pilasters. Certainly in Italy, after the death of Palladio, Italian architecture grows merely effective—empty, theatrical, baroque; but here in England it becomes highly expressive, refined, imaginative. The real masters of Italian architecture in the seventeenth century are not Bernini and Fontana, but Inigo Jones and Sir Christopher Wren: Italy can show nothing comparable to the works of these men. When, like the Sibyls' books, the greater part of them shall have been destroyed, perhaps we may awake to their beauty and their inimitable art.

HERBERT P. HORNE.

ENGLAND'S TREATMENT OF SOUTH AFRICA.

(BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN SOUTH AFRICA.)

THE debate on the South Africa Committee's report has been received here without any very great surprise, for all through its proceedings the inquiry has been such a pitiful farce that few people expected the final scene to be anything but what it was. Nevertheless it has done England lasting injury in South Africa: and at a time, too, when things were looking decidedly brighter, and signs were apparent everywhere of substantial improvement. The report of the Industrial Committee is of an unexpectedly favourable character, and if its recommendations are honestly adopted nearly a million and a half will be saved annually to the mining industry in the Transvaal. The difficulties in Johannesburg are economic and industrial far more than political, and now that the Government seem disposed to consider them fairly, a kindlier feeling is springing up. The Boers themselves have been suffering from the long-continued depression almost as much as the Uitlanders, and necessity is gradually sharpening their understandings to the conviction that they must behave in a more liberal way or Mr. Jennings's prediction will come true. "It would appear to a great many who have read the statements in the Press, memorials of grievances, and their method of acceptance and treatment," he said at the close of his evidence before the Industrial Commission, "that you do not believe in us, that we do not believe in you or each other, and I fear the world will soon not believe in any of us, if the existing state of affairs continues." That the report should recommend

such substantial ameliorations shows that the Government is at last awaking to the gravity of the financial situation, and if they will but do so in earnest the ill-feeling between them and the Uitlanders will rapidly disappear.

One of the American mining engineers when discussing with me some of the vexatious restrictions under which the mining industry suffers, ended by saying, "The people here don't want the franchise a bit. They don't want to change the form of government; but they do want to be able to live more cheaply and more comfortably and in greater security. It would be so easy for the Government to grant most of the concessions we ask for; they could do it without the least danger to themselves, and if they did the people would rapidly become both contented and grateful, and there would be an end of all talk of sedition." A better state of affairs is already noticeable, but speeches like that recently delivered by Mr. Chamberlain have a most detrimental effect, and retard the good feeling for which all parties here are anxious. What he said, and still more the way in which he said it, has solidified the Dutch once again all through South Africa. The Colonial Dutch, it is true, are perfectly loyal, but their loyalty has been strained lately to breaking point, and a few more of such indiscretions may make it give way altogether. The Dutch do not desire war; but if war should be forced upon them they will all hold together, and the result will be a civil war of the most cruel kind, in which, moreover, many English will be found siding with them, just as there were Englishmen among those who opposed Dr. Jameson's forces at Krugersdorp. And if in the end we should succeed, as we probably should, our success would be a hollow one, for we should have to hold down for years by force of arms a sullen and dissatisfied people.

I have not yet been to Natal, but in the Eastern Province just as much as in the Western Province, in the Free State as in the Transvaal, from the highest to the lowest, the Dutch (and they form the majority of the population) are bitterly incensed against us. They think that all through the inquiry the Transvaal has been treated with the grossest injustice. They expected that the inquiry would at least be temperately conducted, and in a judicial way; instead of which they hold it to have been strongly partisan in character, and declare that justice has not been done; but that the Transvaal Government has been attacked in a most unfair manner.

I am, of course, giving the Boer view of the matter, but there are many Englishmen who feel equally strongly on the subject—about the bad faith that has been shown. In the face of the non-production of the telegrams Mr. Chamberlain's passionate disavowal of complicity goes for nothing. It does not appear to have availed him much in England, and here the belief in his knowledge of what was going to be done is almost universal—that if he did not actually know, it was because he wilfully shut his eyes and his ears.

It is his own fault that it is so. He has but to insist on the production of the missing telegrams to clear himself, and if he will not do so he cannot complain that he is misjudged—*omnia præsumentur contra spoliatores*. Naturally in the towns where the people are fiercely English in sentiment, his heated words have been hailed with acclamation because they are believed to be the prelude to a still more anti-Dutch policy, but the loudness of the acclamations of the one faction is a sure gauge of the bitterness of the other.

Mr. Chamberlain's petulant outbursts delight Cape Town and Port Elizabeth, but they are the despair of sober-minded Englishmen up country, who have to live among the Dutch, and who experience the harmful effects of them.

It would seem as though Mr. Chamberlain were willing to give his approval to the campaign of English against Dutch which the more excitable of Mr. Rhodes's adherents are anxious to force him into, and which can only result in an aggravation of the existing racial bitterness. Then there is his uncalled-for assertion that, though Mr. Rhodes had committed as great a fault as a statesman could commit, yet he had done nothing to impair his character as a man of honour. Dutch and English alike acknowledge that Mr. Rhodes has

rendered eminent service to his country in the past, and most of them are willing that he should be allowed an opportunity of repairing in Rhodesia the inexpressible damage caused by the Raid; but a speech of this kind can only work incalculable mischief, and is surely neither judicious nor justifiable. But the folly of making such an assertion at the present time is of greater consequence than the glimpse it affords us of Mr. Chamberlain's code of honour. This and his airy assumption that, now that the debate is over, he can take up again the threads of South African policy at the place where the Raid compelled him to drop them, give grave reason to doubt whether he will ever become a constructive statesman; whether he will ever succeed in any great question that demands tact and patience and forbearance.

He has greatly mistaken the strength of the Dutch sentiment if he thinks the sundered strands of confidence are to be gathered up again so easily. Their feeling against him is every day growing, and are they not justified? Could anything have been in worse taste for a Minister of the Crown than his declaration that nothing must be done to Mr. Rhodes because his influence is still so great that if he were to be touched it would lose us South Africa? Is a remark of that kind calculated to inspire respect for the Imperial Government in the minds of our Dutch fellow-subjects?

It is difficult to understand what can have led him to say a thing so certain to cause offence; but Mr. Chamberlain seems never to have been able to understand that other people besides ourselves have an allowable feeling of pride and a race-sentiment that merits respectful treatment as much as our own. A sentence in one of his Canadian speeches gives a clue to this insular vein in his character. It is where he refers to the Anglo-Saxon race as "that proud, persistent, self-asserting and resolute stock that no change of climate or condition can alter." He does not seem to understand that the South African Dutch come of a stock, not so advanced in progress as ourselves, but to the full as proud, persistent, self-asserting and resolute as we are, and that if he goes on attempting to ride roughshod over them, as he has been trying to do lately, there will be serious trouble for which there is really no necessity. It is a pity he has not taken more to heart the excellent advice said to have been given him by one of the Transvaal judges when in England. "What is the best thing I can do to settle matters?" he is reported to have asked. "Leave us alone" was the curt reply. Fortunately Sir Alfred Milner seems to be a firm but moderate man, and his abstention from hasty and ill-judged interference has created a favourable impression in the minds of most of the Dutchmen whom I have met with. They think that it betokens fairness of mind, and a determination to form an independent judgment for himself. It will give his voice greater weight when he feels that it is absolutely necessary for him to speak. And whatever our faults in South Africa may have been, there are questions in the Transvaal about which England is bound in honour to speak, and to speak with no hesitating voice. What these questions are I will endeavour to show in my next letter.

H. C. THOMSON.

"PARSIFAL."

"PARSIFAL" is an immoral work. One cannot for a moment suppose that Wagner, who had written "Tristan" and "Siegfried," meant to preach downright immorality, or that he meant "Parsifal" to stand as anything more than the expression of a momentary mood, the mood of the exhausted, the effete man, the mood which follows the mood of "Tristan" as certainly as night follows day. Nevertheless, in so far as "Parsifal" says anything to us, in so far as it brings, in Nonconformist cant, "a message," it is immoral and vicious, just as in so far as "Siegfried" carries a message it is entirely moral, healthful and sane. It is useless to quibble about this, seeking to explain away plain things: the truth remains that "Siegfried" is a glorification of one view of life, "Parsifal" of its direct opposite and flat contradiction; and any one who accepts the one view must needs loathe the other as sinful. To me the

"Siegfried" view of life commends itself; and I unhesitatingly assert the sinfulness of the "Parsifal" view. The two operas invite comparison; for at the outset their heroes seem to be the same man. Siegfried and Parsifal are both untaught fools; each has his understanding partly enlightened by hearing of his mother's sufferings and death; each has his education completed by a woman's kiss. All this may seem very profound to the German mind; but to me it is crude, a somewhat pointless allegory destitute of any essential verity, a survival of windy sentimental mid-century German metaphysics, like the Wagner-Heine form of the "Flying Dutchman" story and the Wagner form of the "Tannhäuser" story. However, I am willing to believe that Siegfried, when he kisses Brünnhilde on Hinde Fell, and Parsifal, when Kundry kisses him in Klingsor's magic garden, has each his full faculties set in action for the first time; and then? And then Siegfried, with his fund of health and vitality, sees that the world is glorious, and joyfully presses forward more vigorously than ever on the road that lies before him, never hesitating for a moment to live out his life to the full; while Parsifal, lacking health and vitality—probably his father suffered from rickets—sees that the grief and suffering of the world outweigh and outnumber its joys, and not only renounces life, but is so overcome with pity for all sufferers as to regard it as his mission to heal and console them. And having healed and consoled one, he deliberately turns from the green world, with its trees and flowers, its dawn and sunset, its winds and waters, and shuts himself in a monkery which has a back-garden, a pond and some ducks. There is only one deadly sin—to deny life, as Nietzsche says: carefully to pull up all the weeds in one's garden, but to plant there neither flower nor tree; and this is what "Parsifal" glorifies and advocates.

Now far be it from me to go hunting a moral tendency in a work of art, and to praise or blame the art as I chance to like or dislike the tendency. I am in a state of perfect preparedness to see beauty in a picture, even if the subject is to me repulsive. But in the case of a picture it is possible to say "Yes, very pretty," and pass on. In the case of a story, a play or a music-drama you cannot. You are tied to your seat for one or two or three mortal hours; and however perfect may be the art with which music-drama or play or story is set before you, if the subject revolts or bores you, you soon sicken of the whole business. And in the highest kind of story, play and music-drama, subject and treatment merge inseparably one in the other, substance and form are one; for the idea is all in all, and the idea cannot be perceived apart from the dress which makes it visible. Besides, in the Wagnerian music-drama it is intended that beauty of idea and of arrangement of ideas shall be as of great importance as beauty of ornament. Wagner certainly intended "Parsifal" to be such a music-drama; and indeed the idea is only too clearly visible. The main idea of the "Ring" is so much obscured by the subsidiary ideas twined about it that very few people know that the real hero is Wotan, and the central drama Wotan's tragedy, that Siegmund and Sieglinde, Siegfried and Brünnhilde, and their loves—all the romance and loveliness that enchant us—are merely accessory. But in "Parsifal" there is nothing superfluous, nothing in the dress of the idea to divert us from the idea itself—the idea is as nearly nude as our limited senses and modern respectability will permit. And the idea being what it is, it follows that the play, after the drama once commences, is not only immoral, but also dispiriting and boring, and, to my thinking, inconsequential and pointless. The first act, the exposition, is from beginning to end magnificent: never were the lines on which a drama was to develop more gorgeously, or in more masterly fashion, set forth. Had Wagner seen that Amfortas was merely a hypochondriac, a stage Schopenhauer, imagining all manner of wounds and evils where no evils or wounds existed, had he made Parsifal a Siegfried and sent him out into the world to learn this and brought him back to break up the monastery, to set Amfortas and the knights to some useful labour, and to tell them that the sacred spear, like Wotan's spear, had power only to hurt those who feared it, then

we might have had an adequate working-out of so noble a beginning. Instead of this, Kundry kisses Parsifal, Parsifal squeals, and we see him in a moment to be only an Amfortas who has had the luck not to stumble; and he, the poor fool who is filled with so vast a pity because he sees (what are called) good and evil in entirely wrong proportion—as in fact a hypochondriac sees them—he, Parsifal, this thin blooded inheritor of rickets and an exhausted physical frame, is called the Redeemer, and becomes head of the Brotherhood of the Grail. Beside this, all other inconsequences seem as nothing. One might ask, for instance, how, seeing that no man can save his brother's soul, Parsifal saves the soul of Amfortas? This is a fallacy that held Wagner all his life. We find it in "The Flying Dutchman"; it is avoided in "Tannhäuser"—for, thank the good gods, Tannhäuser is *not* saved by that uninteresting young person Elizabeth; it plays a large part in "The Ring"; and it is the culmination of the drama of "Parsifal." Had Wagner thought more of Goethe (though he was only a second-rate mind and a tenth-rate poet) and less of the Frankfort creature who formulated his hypochondriacal nightmares and called the result a philosophy, he might have learnt that no mentally sick man ever yet was cured save by the welling-up of a flood of emotional energy in his own soul. He might also have seen that Parsifal is much the spirit that denies as Mephistopheles. But these points, and many others, may go as a comparative nothing. The first act of "Parsifal" is unsurpassable, the second is an anti-climax, and the third, excepting the repentance of Kundry, which is pathetic and strikes one as true, a more saddening anti-climax. There is one last thing to say before passing to the music, and this is that "Parsifal" is commonly treated with respect as a Christian drama—a superior "Sign of the Cross." I happen, oddly enough, to know the four gospels exceedingly well; and I find nothing of "Parsifal" in them. It is much nearer to Buddhism in spirit, in colour: it is a kind of Germanized, metaphysical Buddhism. Schopenhauer, not Christ, is the hero; and Schopenhauer was only a decrepit Mephistopheles bereft of his humour and inverted creative energy.

I have written here at various times concerning various portions of the music of "Parsifal," and after hearing the whole opera twice, with all the supposed advantages of the stage, I find my opinions very little altered. The main thing borne in upon me throughout the two performances was that the stage and actors and accessories, far from increasing the effect of the music, actually weaken it excepting in the first act. In that act there is not a word or a note to alter. The story compels one's interest, and the music is rich, tender and charged with a noble emotion. Even the killing of the duck is saved from becoming ludicrous by the deep sincerity of the music of Gurnemanz's expostulations. The music, too, with the magnificent trombone and trumpet calls and deep clangour of cathedral bells, prevents one thinking too much of the absurdity of the trees, mountains and lake walking off the stage to make the change to the second scene. On reflection this panorama seems wholly meaningless and thoroughly vulgar; and even in the theatre one wonders vaguely what it is all about—for Gurnemanz's explanation about time and space being one is sheer metaphysical shoddy, a mere humbugging of an essentially uncultured German audience; but one does not mind it, so full is the accompaniment of mystical life and of colour, of a sense of impending great things. The whole cathedral scene—I would even include the caterwaulings of Amfortas—is sincere, impressive, and filled with a reasonable degree of mysticism. There is no falling off in the second act until after the enchanting waltz and Kundry's wondrously tender recital of the woes suffered by Parsifal's mother (here the melody compares in loveliness with the corresponding portion of "Siegfried"); indeed the passion and energy go on increasing until Parsifal receives Kundry's kiss, and then at once they disappear. Between this point and the end of the act there is scarcely a fine passage. Every phrase is insincere, not because Wagner wished to be insincere, but because he tried to express dramatically a state of mind which is essentially undramatic. Parsifal is supposed to transcend, almost at

one bound, the will to live, to rise above all animal needs and desires; and though no human being can transcend the will to live any more than he can jump away from his shadow—for the phrase means only that the will to live transcends the will to live—yet I am informed, and can well believe, that those who imagine they have accomplished the feat reach a state of perfect ecstasy. Wagner knew this; he knew also that ecstasy, as what can only be called a static emotion, could not be expressed through the medium that serves to express only flowing currents of emotion; he himself had pointed out that for the communication of ecstatic feeling only polyphonic, non-climatic, rhythmless music of the Palestrina kind served; and yet, by one of the hugest mistakes ever made in art, he sought to express precisely that emotion in Parsifal's declamatory phrases. The thing cannot be done; it has not been done; all Parsifal's bawling, even with the help of the words, avails nothing; and the curtain drops at the end of the second act, leaving one convinced that the drama has untimely ended, has got into a cul-de-sac. And in a cul-de-sac it remains. There is much glorious music in the last act; the "Good Friday music" is divine; the last scene is gorgeously led up to; and the music of it, considered only as music, is unsurpassable. But heard at the end of a drama so gigantically planned as "Parsifal" it is unsatisfying and disappointing. It is to me as if "The Ring" had closed on the music of Neid-höhle, with Alberich's and Mime's squabbles. The powers that make for evil and destruction have won; one knows that Parsifal is eternally damned; he has listened and succumbed, even as Wagner himself did, to the eastern sirens' song of the ease and delight of a life of slothful renunciation, self-abnegation and devotion to "duty." The music of the last scene sings that song in tones of infinite sweetness; but it cannot satisfy you; you turn from the enchanted hall, with its holy cup and spear and dove, its mystic voices in the heights, its heavy, depressing, incense-laden atmosphere; and you hasten into the open where the free winds blow through the trees, and the stars shine calmly in the dark sky, just as though no "Parsifal" had been written.

"Parsifal" does not imply that Wagner in his old age went back on all he had thought and felt before. Born in a time when the secret of living had not been rediscovered, when folk still thought the victory, and not the battle, the main thing in life, he always sought a creed to put on as a coat of mail to protect him from the nasty knocks of fate. Nowadays we do not care greatly for the victory, and we go out to fight with a light heart, commencing where Wagner and all the pessimists ended. Wagner wanted the victory, and yet, lest he should not gain it, he wanted something to save him from despair. That something he found in pessimism. In his younger days—indeed until near the last—he forgot all about it in his hours of inspiration, and worked for no end, but for the sheer joy of working. But towards the end of his life, when his inspiration came seldomer and with less power, he worked more and more for the victory, and became wholly pessimistic, throwing away his weapons and hiding behind self-renunciation as behind a shield. He won a victory more brilliant than ever Napoleon or Wellington or Moltke won; and in the eyes of all men he seemed a great general. But life had terrified him; he had trembled before Wotan's spear; in his heart of hearts he knew himself a beaten man; and he wrote "Parsifal."

Presently I shall say something about the Bayreuth manner of performing "Parsifal." J. F. R.

MONEY MATTERS.

IN deciding to leave the standard rate unaltered at 2 per cent., the directors of the Bank of England took the course universally anticipated. The Bank return revealed further sales of stock, there being a decrease in the "other securities" of £516,510. There was some hardening of rates in the Money Market as the week advanced, owing chiefly to the approach of the end of the month. Short loans were arranged at from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 per cent., whilst $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was a general charge on loans for a week. Discount business was active; $1\frac{1}{2}$

to $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was quoted for three months' bank paper, whilst for four months' $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was commonly quoted and $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{3}{4}$ for six months'.

Silver has again fallen $\frac{1}{16}$, establishing a fresh record at $23\frac{3}{4}d.$ per oz.; while the rupee is a shade higher, Wednesday's batch of Council drafts having been allotted at an average of $1s. 3\frac{3}{4}d.$ The amount offered was, however, only $Rx 150,000$, and this is to be reduced next week, we are told, to $Rx 100,000$. Only $Rx 6,452,190$ have been sold since 1 April, producing $\pounds 3,994,000$; so that the Government is deriving a restricted benefit from the inflation. What with war, famine and pestilence the Indian Government is too poor to make full remittances, so cannot offer the usual Council bills. It is necessary to remember that these bills serve also as a method of remittance from this side; constituting, in fact, an order to transfer so many rupees from the Indian Treasury to the credit of the purchaser in exchange for sterling which he has handed to the Government here. Means of remittance to India are consequently restricted too. If the Mints were open, remittances would be effected in bullion, but that resource is stopped. The disasters which have come upon the people disable them from buying either silver bullion or Manchester goods to the usual extent; so that the few bills offered command a fancy price. Home charges, however, do not lessen, so that there must soon, presumably, be a sterling loan.

The intrinsic value of the rupee at $23\frac{3}{4}d.$ is $9\cdot096d.$, so that as the drafts were allotted at an average of $1s. 3\frac{3}{4}d.$ it stands at a premium of 74 per cent. Though interesting to those who have brought it about, this divergence wears, it may be remarked, another aspect to the ryot. When he is driven now to sell his wife's bangle to buy food, he finds that, instead of getting practically weight for weight in rupees, he gets barely two-thirds; and when he asks the bullion dealer the reason, he is told it is "by order of the Sircar." And this is practically true. The Government may not have exactly ordered the Baboo to pay '60 instead of 1 rupee, but it has so arranged matters that that difference between silver and rupees has come about, and it would puzzle all the Herschell Committee to convey a different impression to the native mind.

The troubles in India, added to some uncertainty regarding negotiations at Constantinople, once more caused gloom in the Stock Markets, though the feeling on Thursday night was distinctly more cheerful than at the beginning of the week. Consols on the whole held up remarkably well, and only showed a decline of $\frac{1}{4}$ at $112\frac{3}{4}$ on Saturday's closing price. India Three and a Half per Cents were unaltered at 118, after having risen on Monday to $118\frac{1}{4}$; and India Threes were also without change at 109. India Rupee Paper actually rose $\frac{1}{4}$ to $63\frac{3}{4}$. The price of bar silver remained steadier at $23\frac{3}{4}d.$ per oz.

Home Rails continued stagnant and uninteresting. In the Foreign Market some excitement was caused among South American stocks. On Tuesday a favourable message regarding the financial situation was received from the Chilean Finance Minister, and caused a sharp recovery in the leading bonds which had been falling away. Uruguays collapsed on news of the President's assassination, but recovered to $39\frac{1}{2}$ down on the week. Argentine descriptions advanced during the week. A better tone characterized Greek and Turkish securities.

There was considerable falling off in activity as regards American Rails. Profit taking, following on the good advance last week, added to an uncomfortable feeling regarding the wheat crops, encouraged sales, and consequently the course of the market was alternately up and down, with a dominant tendency in the latter direction, during the end of last week. From Monday till Thursday night, however, prices gradually crept up again on New York advices, and an advance of over a dollar on Saturday's closing was marked in nearly every case. Canadian Rails followed in the wake of their Yankee brethren.

Like most other departments of the Stock Exchange, the South African Mining Market has been busy with the settlement. On Thursday night Charteredds showed a fall since the preceding Saturday of $\frac{1}{16}$ at $3\frac{1}{2}$, Goldfields Deferred a fall of $\frac{1}{16}$ at $5\frac{1}{16}$, and East Rand a decline of $\frac{1}{4}$ at $4\frac{1}{16}$. Anglo-French had dropped $\frac{1}{16}$ at $3\frac{1}{2}$, Barney Consols $\frac{1}{16}$ at $2\frac{1}{16}$, Bantjes $\frac{1}{16}$ at $1\frac{1}{16}$, Goldfields Deep $\frac{1}{16}$ at $8\frac{1}{2}$, Nourse $\frac{1}{16}$ at 8, Jagersfontein $\frac{1}{16}$ at $8\frac{1}{2}$, Rand Mines $\frac{1}{16}$ at $30\frac{1}{2}$, Randfontein $\frac{1}{16}$ at $2\frac{1}{16}$, Heriots $\frac{1}{16}$ at 8. Crown Reefs, on the other hand, had remained steady at $11\frac{1}{4}$, whilst Shebas steadily advanced $\frac{1}{16}$ to $2\frac{1}{16}$, and Comets $\frac{1}{16}$ to $2\frac{3}{4}$.

As we predicted last week, the slump in Kaffirs has continued and grown in intensity, and again we must repeat the sole reason of the slump was the persistent selling of the big houses. With this exception the whole market has been a bull market. The public, that is, believe in South African shares, and all the best stocks would have been several points higher than they reached in the mid-August account had it not been for the bearing of the great operators.

Of course it pays the great houses to sell shares at 9 and buy them back at 8, but there is a reason for the bear tactics apart from the purely selfish one. The houses most deeply interested in Kaffirs say that if a boom were allowed to take place now the Volksraad would throw over the report of the Industrial Committee, and President Kruger would probably point to the flourishing state of the mining market to excuse himself from lightening the burdens on the mining industry. This argument, however, cuts both ways. When it is known that the big houses can control the market as they please the state of the market will not be likely to be taken into account at Pretoria, and it must be obvious to every one that a market completely in the control of a few individuals is not the market for the outside public to speculate in.

As we have again and again said, there is only one way in which the outside public can use the Kaffir Market profitably. Let a man buy dividend-paying stocks at a low price and he is safe. If the big houses cause a slump he can afford to take up his shares and wait. Time will bring him his revenge. To take one instance. A fortnight ago Henry Nourse stood at $9\frac{1}{2}$; it is now $7\frac{1}{2}$, and this in spite of the fact that the net profit for July was a record profit of over $\pounds 17,000$. Nor must it be forgotten that the June profit of over $\pounds 16,000$ was also a record profit, as also in its turn was the May profit of over $\pounds 15,000$. Henry Nourse has paid 50 per cent. for the first half of this year. If the present rate of profit continues, even if it does not increase, Henry Nourse will pay over 100 per cent. in the next half-year. It is perfectly plain, therefore, that the present price of Henry Nourse shares should be over 10 and not under 8. If they are bought at the present price and locked up, they will yield any operator a very large profit in the next three months.

Distinct firmness characterized the Westralia Market. This was accounted for by the return to town of some of the big supporters of the market after their holidays by the continued buying orders from Adelaide, where it was said investors were laying hands on everything they could pick up in the Hannans district, and also by favourable crushing news. On Wednesday the feature of the market was the bidding for Lake View Consols, but otherwise favour was pretty calmly distributed. Lake Views on Thursday night showed an advance of $\frac{1}{4}$ at $8\frac{1}{2}$, whilst Associateds had risen $\frac{1}{16}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$, Associated Southern $\frac{1}{16}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$, Boulders $\frac{1}{16}$ to $8\frac{1}{2}$, Ivanhoes $\frac{1}{16}$ to $12\frac{1}{2}$, Horseshoes $\frac{1}{16}$ to $3\frac{1}{16}$ and Hampton Plains $\frac{1}{16}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$. Brownhills were $\frac{1}{16}$ down at $5\frac{1}{16}$.

Excitement in the wheat markets continues to grow, and the feeling now is more bullish than ever. In the grain market at Chicago on Thursday a new high record was reached, $103\frac{1}{2}$ being quoted for September, against 91 on Tuesday. It was said that the total American wheat crop this year will not be over 540,000,000 bushels, giving but 175,000,000 bushels as an exportable surplus. Until the last few days the limit was put at 550,000,000

bushels, so that there has been a reduction of 10,000,000 bushels in the estimated crop. The French Minister of Agriculture estimates the French crop of wheat at 240,000,000 bushels, against 344,000,000 bushels last year. The importance of this statement can scarcely be over-estimated, as a shortage of over 100,000,000 bushels in the French crop is more than daring prophets had forecast. An agitation is going on in France for the reduction of the corn duties. But M. Méline, who has received several deputations on the subject, remains firm. He declares that the agitation only exists for political purposes, and increases the evil instead of curing it.

The world's visible supply of wheat at the beginning of this month was only 7,633,000 quarters, or less than half the quantity at the same period in either of the three "fat" years, 1893-95, and not much more than one-half of last year's figure. The English market, moreover, has been weakened by the small quantity afloat for the United Kingdom, by the refusal of millers to purchase, and by the consequent smallness of the stocks in first hands. The price of bread has risen all over the country, and we need not anticipate any speedy decline. For, while it was impossible that the wild speculative prices for wheat could be maintained, the position is one that fully justifies a respectable upward movement. It is feared in authoritative circles that during the reaction the market may swing to the other extreme; but this fear is not quite warranted by the circumstances, although it is never easy to foresee what the wheat market is going to do in its moments of excitement. The British crop, such as it is, is fairly promising, and for once the British farmer is promised a good return on his outlay. But he will probably be emboldened thereby to plant more freely next season, and, unless we have another bad year abroad, will lose all his profit again.

From Paris comes the remarkable report that the French Finance Minister contemplates the issue of a loan of £60,000,000 in Two and a Half per Cent. bonds. The money is to be spent on redemption of the Floating Debt and the reconstitution and extension of the Navy. If this report is true, it is not surprising to learn that the French Cabinet is divided on the subject. The scheme is an enormous and difficult one to carry out, and its necessity is scarcely explained. But should it get so far as to be laid before the Chambers on their reassembling, there is little doubt that it will be carried through, as the French are singularly patriotic in these matters.

It is difficult to escape taxation in Austria; but the Austrian Crédit Foncier seems to have hit upon an ingenious and effective plan. The new Austrian law subjects the reserve funds of financial enterprises to a very heavy special taxation. In order to counteract this the management of the Austrian Crédit Foncier contemplates utilizing a part of its reserve fund to make its shares fully paid. The new law does not take effect until 1 January next, so that the Crédit Foncier will have ample time in which to effect its purpose. Everything is to be taxed in Austria by this new law, the object being to cover all incomes not included in the taxes on land, buildings, commerce, industry and salaries.

In introducing the Budget for the coming year, Sir George Turner, Premier and Treasurer of Victoria, referred to the gold yield for the past twelve months. This, he said, was the highest known for fourteen years, and amounted to 800,000 oz. In other respects the Victorian Budget must certainly be reckoned as satisfactory. The estimated revenue for the coming year is £6,803,196, and the estimated expenditure £6,886,832. The latter includes £250,000 towards the extinction of the Treasury bonds, leaving a nominal estimated deficit of £83,636. The Treasurer does not propose any fresh taxation or borrowing. Sir George Turner's estimates are generally sound, so that, as in the case of the past twelve months, these figures are advantageous but quite normal.

Chilian Bonds have attracted considerable interest during the past week. On Tuesday a message was received from the Chilian Minister of Finance in answer to one sent from New Court. This stated that "the export of nitrate during the current year would not be less than that calculated in the report. The diminution that occurred in the export of nitrate during the first six months is now being made up. No new loans are in contemplation. Government funds are quite sufficient to cover expenditure." On this message Chilian Bonds immediately rose substantially. But even taking the Finance Minister's words as Gospel truth, it is rather difficult to see where lies the cause for optimism. "No new loans are in contemplation" certainly smacks somewhat of the "official denial." As for the statement that the diminution of the first six months is now being made up, it would be well to bear in mind that we have not advanced far enough into the second half-year to rely on such definite statements.

A correspondent writes to complain of the "injustice" we have done the directors of the Nitrate Railway Company. He points out that they gave the shareholders "fair warning" that if the amendment to the report proposed by the Committee was carried they would resign in a body. The proposal of Mr. Allen and the Committee, at the adjourned meeting held on 10 August—that M. de Wandre, M. de Burlet and Colonel Oldham should be made into a temporary board—was not only illegal and *ultra vires* so far as the adjourned meeting was concerned, but would have left the English shareholders at the mercy of Mr. Allen and two foreign directors." Our correspondent goes on to point out that at the meeting on 14 September the new board will be elected, and the desire of Mr. Harvey and his colleagues is that the shareholders should have a fair opportunity of choosing their new directors.

All this sounds well enough, but does not show how we have done Mr. Harvey and his friends an injustice. We were quite aware of what our correspondent tells us. Mr. Allen has done excellent and useful work by the leading part he has taken in the agitation against the board. But it would be as distasteful to see the Company overriden by Mr. Allen as it was to see the autocratic control exercised by the late Colonel North. What we do complain of is the obvious antagonism on the part of the directors in refusing to meet the shareholders half-way. After years of shameful mismanagement, they have allowed every possible impediment to stand in the way of speedy reform. As for "ultra vires" and "illegalities," shareholders are sick of this quibbling. Your true reformer makes but short work of such obstacles.

Evidently an exciting stage has been reached in the nitrate fight. During the week an anonymous circular has been sent round to the shareholders, drawn up by one signing himself "A Holder of over 1,000 Shares who Knows the Truth." The document strongly advocates the cause of the present Board, at the same time hurling abuse without restraint at certain prominent opponents of the present directors. Mr. Herbert Allen has been quick to reply to this attack in a letter too heated to be very effective. He describes it as "a scurrilous circular," and offers a reward of twenty guineas to anyone who will reveal the name of the printer.

The anonymous author of the circular referred to a letter which he believed Colonel Oldham was preparing to the shareholders. Mr. Allen was disinclined to believe Colonel Oldham contemplated any such course. Unfortunately for Mr. Allen, the document has made its appearance. Colonel Oldham complains that by the appointment of a temporary board, consisting of M. de Wandre, M. de Burlet, Mr. Allen and himself, he would be left in a hopeless minority of one. He also calls attention to the fact that these three gentlemen would practically have the appointment of new directors in their own hands. Colonel Oldham does not seem to relish the idea, and it is possible the shareholders may agree with him. Mr. Allen has done invaluable work in the past,

but he is beginning to assume too bitter a tone. It looks as though he wants to get the Company under his thumb. Shareholders had quite enough of that kind of thing in the late Colonel North's time.

The struggle in the thread trade is becoming more interesting every day. It is well known that a powerful "combine" is being formed to compete with the Coats-Clark-Chadwick-Brook "combine." Hitherto it had been understood that Messrs. Dewhurst & Sons, of Skipton and Manchester, and Messrs. Ashworth & Sons, of Bolton and Manchester, were to be included in the new group. It now appears that these important firms have withdrawn and, according to an evening contemporary, are likely to join the enemy. It will no doubt act as some sort of compensation to these people that the historic firm of Arkwright—founded by the famous Sir Joseph—has given its consent. These huge combinations are not looked upon with unmixed delight by consumers, and it is hinted that there was a distinct falling-off in the quality of their cotton when the Coats family assumed the aspect of financiers rather than spinners. But now that there is likely to be a little healthy competition, the quality of the goods may once more improve. Not so the spirits of those who purchased Coats shares at their most swollen stage.

The Department of the Interior at Ottawa has issued a bulky memorandum dealing with the locality associated with the recent discoveries of gold and with the Yukon Valley generally. This report confirms in every detail the views expressed in our leader columns three weeks back as to the auriferous possibilities of the Klondyke and adjacent streams, and as to the numerous and serious disabilities attaching to life and work there. But it supplements the stock of available information regarding this little-known quarter of the earth. In addition to the reports of Mr. Ogilvie on the gold "finds" of this year and last, it includes a full account of the same gentleman's exploration of 1887. Moreover, there are some photographic reproductions of the more noteworthy features along the overland route—the rapids, the mining townships, &c.; from which it is possible for the home-keeping individual to obtain a fair notion of the character of the country during the brief summer.

The agricultural capabilities of the Yukon basin are naturally inconsiderable. The land seen from the river is not of good quality, and besides, the climatic conditions are entirely inimical. Mr. Ogilvie's records show eight degrees of frost as early as 1 August, and we know that in midwinter the temperature is often in the neighbourhood of 70° below zero. Coal of a thickness of three feet has been found on the Lewes river at Rink Rapids, and at Coal Creek, five miles below Forty-Mile river, but no systematic exhaustive examination of the deposits has been made. Silver has been located, sometimes in conjunction with gold; and the black sand which is worked for the yellow metal is composed mainly of pulverised magnetic iron ore. Silver-grey, red, and black foxes are numerous, and the number of skins taken by the stray Indians in the course of a year and sent out of the country is large. But game are being driven into inaccessible parts by the spread of mining, and caribou, moose, and bear are now seldom encountered, save in the form of hunters' tales round camp fires. Mountain sheep and mountain goats keep to the higher levels and are never seen from the river. With the exception of wild fowl, which occur in numbers in the season, birds are scarce; and with the exception of the Arctic trout, which Schwatka calls a grayling, so are fish. It will be seen, therefore, that a shortage of imported food in the towns cannot be appreciably supplemented by local resources.

Save to the gold-miner, and perhaps to the hardy sportsman, the Yukon Valley is clearly devoid of attractions. Will the gold deposit justify the activity of the last month or two? Will the place prove to be a second California or only a second Cariboo? It would be unwise to prophesy, but at least the indications are in favour of the first. We have read nothing like this chronicle of successive "finds" since the

rush to the Americanos river in California in 1849 and the rush to Summerhill, Turon, and Ballarat in Australia three or four years later. The only part of the Klondyke (or Thron-Dinck, as the new spelling has it) that appears to have been systematically worked is the Bonanza Creek and its half-dozen tributary creeks. The upper waters of the river have been left untouched, and there is every reason to suppose that they contain placer deposits at least as productive as those along the Bonanza. The Stewart river, which flows into the Yukon parallel to the Klondyke, further to the south, is, with its affluents, another ground of promise, judging from the discoveries made there this year. Late comers must go further away than those now present from the Yukon, and possibly they will be rewarded with even better luck.

That unhappy undertaking, the Manchester Ship Canal, is on the verge of another of those financial crises which have been all too numerous in its brief career. The Manchester Corporation, as we know, is allowing the interest on its £5,000,000 loan to accumulate, and the total now due stands at £506,250. Mr. Bythell, always optimistic, told the shareholders at Tuesday's meeting that the directors "were hopeful" that they would be able to pay the next sum due as interest on the first and second debentures. After an examination of the accounts we fail to see how they are going to do even this; but at least there will be no funds available for the payment of the succeeding instalment. There is no blinking the unfortunate fact that the Canal is making practically no headway, while the revenue from the Bridgewater undertaking is, for some unexplained reason, steadily declining. The Canal has been tried by shippers of all classes and has been found wanting. The only explanation we can offer is that, with the opposition of vested interests, there is no saving by using the waterway, and that the many other advantages of which we were told have proved illusory. The undertaking is too heavily capitalized anyway for the amount of net revenue that is ever likely to be derived from it. We shall hear in due course whether Manchester has once again come to the rescue of its beloved Canal.

NEW ISSUES, &c.

THE SAVOY THEATRE.

If the D'Oyly Cartes were anxious that the public should participate in the Savoy Theatre, why could they not have floated a company in its prosperous days? It is notorious that during the last two years or more the Savoy has been steadily losing the prestige and position it once held. The promoters of "The Savoy Theatre and Operas, Limited," evidently realize this, and candidly point out that no statement or calculations are made as to profits, past or present. Profits in the past we know there were. But have there been any profits during recent times? Unless Mr. D'Oyly Carte can make some satisfactory statement, the public must draw their own conclusions on this point. The capitalization of the Company is uncanny. There are only £75,000 in shares of £1 each; but there is no less than £100,000 Four per Cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock. The object of this quaint arrangement is obvious. The Carte family take the 75,000 shares, with the possibility of unloading later on; whilst the public are invited to subscribe for £100,000 Debenture Stock—i.e. the lion's share. All this in order that the Vendor may receive £165,000 for his theatre. He is anxious to take no less than £100,000 of this *in cash*. The remainder is to be received in shares, and here we have the explanation of the statement that the Carte family will take all the 75,000 shares. That statement is evidently set forth as an attractive feature in the prospectus; but read in conjunction with the purchase consideration we see its true inwardness. From the Carte point of view the deal seems to be on the system of "heads I win, tails you probably lose!" The prospectus is one of the most unbusinesslike, ingeniously simple documents of the kind we have ever seen. The investing public will do well to fight shy and put their money into a playhouse of growing, not declining, popularity.

FAIRVIEW GOLD MINING.

Another British Columbian Company has made its appearance under the title "The Fairview Gold Mining Company, Limited (British Columbia)." It has been formed to acquire and work what are known as the Fairview group of mines in the Yale district, British Columbia, some thirty miles by good road from Penticton, which town is in direct service in connexion with the Canadian Pacific Railway. The property consists of four claims, covering a total area of 130 acres. With the prospectus are enclosed reports by Mr. Arthur L. Pearse, F.G.S., M.I.M.E., and these are quite recent and hold out good prospects. The purchase price has been fixed at £70,000, payable in fully paid shares or cash at the option of the directors.

ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

E. F. T.—There are so many more reliable investments to be got that you will be very foolish to risk your money in this direction.

PURIRI.—You would be very foolish to do so.

BRUNNER MOND (H. K.).—You could not do better. A sound industrial investment.

SUN INSURANCE (H. P. J.).—An excellent and suitable office for your purpose.

SAVOY THEATRE AND OPERAS (Caledonian).—See our criticism above.

NEW GOLDEN TWINS (Clericus).—We have already given reasons why we cannot recommend these shares.

AFRICANUS.—By both Chartered and Crown Reefs, but not the others.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FLOGGING IN THE NAVY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

26 August, 1897.

SIR,—I trust that you are not too preoccupied with the subject of Military Prisons to spare a word for the latest exploit of that heroically popular service, the Royal Navy. A court-martial of representative naval officers has just sentenced a lad who struck his officer to imprisonment, dismissal from the service, and *twenty-four cuts with a cane*. The corporal punishment was added in pure wantonness. It is not prescribed by law. If the court-martial had been able to muster a single officer of ordinary longshore moral courage, intelligence and humanity, such a sentence could not have been passed; for twenty-four cuts with the tongue of such a man would have shamed the rest into public decency. Apparently, however, the British naval officer is still cruel in his fear of the men under his command, and viciously sensual in the severities by which he secures their obedience. I am perfectly acquainted with the arguments used by persons who believe that discipline cannot be maintained in the Services without making every man-of-war and every barracks a much more barbarous place than a public school fifty years ago. But I am not aware that discipline is more important in the army and navy than it is in the arsenal, the police force, the hospital, the laboratory, the mine, or the many factories in which negligence or insubordination may produce ruinous waste or devastating calamity; and yet it is maintained in such places without passionate cruelty by civilians who can be defied with impunity as far as the law is concerned, and who can be assaulted without exceptional penalties. This is attained quite simply and sensibly by visiting a breakdown of discipline on the officer whose business it is to maintain it. The man who cannot acquire sufficient influence over his subordinates to command their obedience without a cane or a cat is superseded by a man who can, that is all; whereas in the navy a man who cannot give an order without provoking its recipient to strike him is propped up in the position for which he has proved his unfitness by barbarities which degrade the Service and disgust the whole nation.

There was a time—the age of the wooden walls—when naval warfare required only seamanship and ferocity. Victories could then be won with men kid-

napped by the pressgang, fed on filthy scorbutic food, flogged like badly driven horses, and shot down on occasion by a rival force—the Marines—kept on board expressly for that purpose. The villainy of the system was defended, then as now, by representations of the supreme importance of discipline in times of war, and despised, then as now, by men of heart and character who knew that in action necessary discipline is maintained by the common danger and the common humanity, and that unnecessary discipline goes by the board in spite of all its sanctity at Portsmouth. In modern naval warfare the conditions—far more terrible—are also far more exacting as to the quality of the combatants. A fleet manned by beaten men, by petty officers who will cane their shipmate (provided he be tied up securely) for half a crown, by chief officers who will order such outrages and will go into action with men who submit to and inflict them, may rule the waves as long as all the other fleets are equally bankrupt in manhood and more so in seamanship. But if a foreign fleet should arise, generously nourished by its nation and manned by free self-respecting men commanded and valued by the sort of officer that never gets struck or defied, then our Royal Navy, with its twenty-four cuts of a cane across its back, will take a second place.

I am aware that many people have not yet learnt to distinguish between punishments which are severe and punishments which are cruel. A cruel punishment is one which gratifies a passion in those who inflict it, witness it, or imagine it. Imprisonment and dismissal from the service are severe punishments; but they can afford no gratification whatever to officers who have no personal grudge against the sufferer. They are purely troublesome; and the fewer of them we are forced to inflict the better for everybody concerned. But corporal punishment is a completely different matter. It is capable of being used as a sport, a debauch, masquerading as a deterrent or as "justice." There is a flagellation neurosis, well known to psychiatrists and some less reputable persons. A public flogging will always draw a crowd; and there will be in that crowd plenty of manifestations of a horrible passionate ecstasy in the spectacle of laceration and suffering from which even the most self-restrained and secretive person who can prevail on himself to be present will not be wholly free. Even the anger, disgust and contempt of the humane people who avoid such spectacles and protest against them is passionate, and is probably degrading. It is for this reason that humane people object to have such experiences forced on them by cruel people, and that corporal punishment is going the way of duelling and all other survivals of the predatory instincts. To make the matter vividly clear, I ask those who regard the sentence of the court-martial with indifference to imagine for a moment that the sentence of twenty-four cuts with a cane had been passed on a young woman instead of a young man. There would have been a shriek of hysterical horror and fury from the entire Press at once; and not an officer of that court would have dared to show his face in society until the case was forgotten. And yet women bear pain better than men and are not more susceptible to disgrace and humiliation: indeed, the injury to the victim, whether male or female, might be disregarded as a trifle in comparison with the moral injury to the crew of the fleet and to the nation. But the passionate character of the sentence would be so emphasized in the case of a girl sentenced by men, that it would be at once seen that the corporal part of the sentence had been added by the judges for their own satisfaction and not for public ends. The actual case, being that of a lad, suggests nothing to superficial people but the common violent vindictiveness which is still tolerated by public opinion when it is regularized by legal forms, or by parental or pedagogic authority, or shielded by the extra license in vice which we allow to soldiers and sailors. But it is none the less a cruel and passionate sentence, and therefore none the less repulsive and immoral.

I hope we shall hear no more of such cases. It will be a long time before I shall be able to look at a Union Jack without a shudder of disgust.—Yours truly,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

REVIEWS.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE ACADEMY AS ART CRITIC.

"Lectures on Art." By Sir Edward J. Poynter, P.R.A. Fourth Edition, enlarged. London: Chapman & Hall. 1897.

THE present reissue of these lectures after their writer has become the President of the Academy and the official representative of British Art has led us to re-read them with more care than we had formerly done. Like Reynolds's Discourses, they are addressed chiefly to the student; but here the resemblance may be said to cease. They contain much criticism of Mr. Ruskin's utterances on Art, and much laudation of the genius of Michelangelo. In our admiration of Michelangelo, and in our distrust of the critical powers of Mr. Ruskin, we are, we venture to think, hardly second to Sir Edward Poynter; yet we are not convinced. His Lectures are temperately written, carefully argued, and amply adorned with the sort of learning which can be acquired by any student of the Fine Arts who has access, let us say, to the library of South Kensington. But of any charm, or of any original ideas, of "suggestive or penetrating things said by the way," they are wholly destitute. Abounding in what the writer himself terms "sweeping generalizations," they recall what Blake said about generalizing, and how he added that "to particularize is the great distinction of merit." That is only another way of saying that "to define beauty not in the most abstract, but in the most concrete terms possible, is the aim of the true student of æsthetics." The tendency of this volume is not to speak in concrete terms. Nowhere is the genuine feeling of the painter revealed in it. Instead of quickening our sensibilities, the book leaves the mind of the reader costive. In short, it is full of those obviously reasonable things which, when applied to the practice of original Art, are found to be so useless; not because they have been carelessly thought out, but because they have been based on obsolete or empirical premisses.

But let us not be misunderstood; we do not speak of those many allusions to the tendency of contemporary Art which the writer himself allows have "now become commonplace." We are concerned in discussing not so much the matter of these essays as the mind which they reveal in their writer. But to come to an instance of what we mean. Sir Edward Poynter is speaking of Michelangelo as the great example of the decorative painter:—"The stupendous work which to my mind has done most to make his name immortal is on the ceiling of the Sistine chapel . . . ; and it is on this work that I take my stand in placing Michelangelo as the chief of realistic painters." And again:—"All other artists except, perhaps, Raphael, and he only when he had caught the inspiration from Michelangelo is to be excepted, seem to place their figures in attitudes; it is his amazing and almost incredible power of seizing the passing movement that makes Michelangelo's figures appear positively alive; an instant more and the position is changed. To draw from one of his figures is like drawing from nature itself." What a curiously biased and academical mind do these passages reveal! Such an amazing statement as that which enunciates that all other artists, except Michelangelo, and occasionally Raphael, "place their figures in attitudes" can only be explained by the assumption of a total ignorance on the part of the writer of the drawings and paintings of, at least, Leonardo da Vinci: while the assertion that Michelangelo is "the chief of all realistic painters," in contradistinction, be it supposed, to the Idealists, may mean anything or nothing. The truth is that at the time when Sir Edward Poynter committed these opinions to paper he had recently come across Braun's fine photographs of the Sistine frescoes, and for the first time perceived that an element of realism plays a much greater part in Michelangelo's art than he had before been aware of. But he appears to have overlooked the fact that Michelangelo came from a stock of painters whose aim was chiefly a realistic one. To understand

the realism of Michelangelo it is first necessary to understand the realism of his master, Ghirlandajo; to understand the influence on his art of the realism of Leonardo. But to hold, as Sir Edward Poynter holds, that the figures of Michelangelo have "a more absolute vitality than any other artist has ever been able to give" is, as we have said, to ignore, or to be ignorant of, the art of Leonardo; and to say that the works of Sandro Botticelli "are frequently hardly to be distinguished from those of Filippo Lippi" (Fra Filippo is here intended) is to reveal a knowledge of the Italian school which hardly becomes the Director of our National Gallery.

Or let us take another instance. In the latter part of the same lecture, which deals with Decorative Painting, Sir Edward Poynter makes an attempt to show "that an essential Element of Beauty in this art of painting is Realism, or the power of realizing what is beautiful in Nature." "It would appear necessary at first," pursues the writer, "to make some definition of what this Beauty of Nature really is; but we are met at the outset by the apparently insurmountable difficulty that, tastes differing, as they do, so widely on matters of beauty, it would seem futile to endeavour to set up a positive standard of beauty to which all men might agree." Presently Sir Edward Poynter adds, "I am myself so distinctly conscious of the beauty of certain things that I feel there must be a reasonable ground for my admiration. Here, of course, is no argument, for another person may say the same thing in reference to certain things which I not only do not admire, but positively dislike. Nevertheless there are certain extremes of beauty and ugliness which all nations, raised above a state of barbarism, have agreed to accept in all ages. The beauty of a lily or a rose has never, that I know of, been contested; and the ugliness of a toad is proverbial; so it appears evident that there is some kind of standard to be found." This, surely, is not the point of view held by the artist who has a genius for painting. Of course, it goes without saying that human nature in general prefers a rose to a toad; but the painter is concerned with the visual images of things. Let us hear how one who had the true genius of the painter could speak of this "Beauty of Nature." Constable once replied to a lady who, looking at an engraving of a house, called it an ugly thing: "No, madam, there is nothing ugly. *I never saw an ugly thing in my life*; for let the form of an object be what it may—light, shade, and perspective will always make it beautiful. It is perspective which improves the form of this." Here the difference between the point of view of the painter who possesses an original genius for his art, and the mere doctrinaire, is expressed to a nicety. And so we are not surprised, later on in the volume, to find Sir Edward Poynter explaining to us that for the sake of their correct rendering of tone one forgives "the vulgarity of Rembrandt's heads." How much does that passing confession explain in the painter of the plump, comfortable nudes in "The Visit to Æsculapius!" Set one of those figures beside any Susannah or Venus of Rembrandt, which you please, and with whom is the vulgarity? No! vulgarity in a work of Art consists in the sentiment with which the subject is approached, and never in the mere subject itself. The mere subject of the "sozza mistura dell' ombra e della pioggia," in the fourth Canto of the "Inferno," is more debased than anything which Rembrandt has painted; yet the sentiment with which it is approached is infinitely noble; and Michelangelo himself would have been the first to allow it.

The whole volume is in the same strain. It is the utterance of the academical schoolmaster who pauses on the fact that Ostade "aimed at nothing but the literal representation of coarse and ignoble subjects, never caring to look for any form of beauty in Nature"; who draws attention to "the absurdities of Correggio's drawing"; who warns the young student against that "clique of self-styled 'Impressionists' and their apologists in the Press," who "are only too ready to absolve them for incompetency in drawing and slovenliness of execution." Assuredly, if the President is alluding to the work of M. Degas or Mr. Whistler! The draughtsmanship of such masters has little in

common with the hard, tight, careful and competent draughtsmanship of the President. "I have come to the conclusion," says Sir Edward Poynter in his preface, "that it is much easier to write about Art than to practise it; and am led to the further conclusion that, as example is always better than precept, the more time I devote to painting in future and the less to public lecturing, the better it will be for my art and for those who are interested in it." We do not know whether these words were written before or after the portrait of the President by himself, which hangs in the Uffizzi (and from which the photogravure prefixed to this volume was taken, if our memory does not deceive), was painted. At any rate, the one forms a curious commentary upon the other. The Florentines politely hang the picture in a shady corner; and the painter seems to have forgotten that portraits by Sir Joshua and Mr. Watts of themselves are hung in the same gallery.

WORDSWORTH AND LIBERTY.

"Poems dedicated to National Independence and Liberty." By William Wordsworth. With an Introduction by Stopford A. Brooke. London: Isbister, 1897.

"THEY rule is from their urns," so wrote Byron of the heroes, poets and philosophers whose mausoleum is that unhappy country which once pulsed with the life of ancient Hellas. Anything which can extend this dominion, for it is the dominion of those who are in the true sense of the term the aristocrats of our race, deserves both sympathy and encouragement. When, therefore, Mr. Stopford Brooke enlists Wordsworth in the cause of the Greek struggle for the independence of Crete, by reprinting for this purpose the poems dedicated to National Independence and Liberty, he has our hearty approval. Many of these sonnets are not only among the noblest things of their kind, but seem to have a special message for the present age. As they do not explain themselves, it may be well briefly to advert for a moment to the circumstances under which they appeared. When the French Revolution broke out, Wordsworth, like his friends Coleridge and Southey, hailed it as the dawn of a glorious day for man and for the world. They saw in it the manifesto of liberty, of justice, of righteousness, and the death warrant of all that was hostile to those sacred causes:

"My heart rebounded,
My melancholy voice the chorus joined;
Be joyful all ye nations; in all lands
Ye that are capable of joy be glad!
Henceforth whate'er is wanting to yourselves
In others ye shall promptly find; and all
Enriched by mutual and reflected wealth
Shall with one heart honour thy common kind."

And then he goes on to describe how "society became his glittering bride," and "airy hopes" his "children" inspiring him to sing "Saturnian rule returned, a progeny of golden years." But he was soon undeceived, not by what he heard merely, but by what he saw, for he was residing in France from the summer of 1792, during the September massacres, till the end of the year. The opening of the next year witnessed the execution of the King, and the Revolution proceeded with frightful precipitancy to its climax; its climax was succeeded by the Republican crusades and the rise of Napoleon. Thus, within a few years, the perplexed poet and his brother visionaries had seen the result of a practical attempt to realize theoretical creeds, the issue in effect of the application of abstract ideas to institutions so necessarily complex and artificial as society and government. It was a lesson they never forgot. Two of them reacted into opposite extremes; Coleridge passed into an intolerant Conservative, poor Southey went even further, "losing," as Hazlitt bitterly put it, "his way in Utopia to find it at Old Sarum," and became an ultra-Conservative of the worst type. But Wordsworth as a reactionary, Mr. Stopford Brooke must forgive me for saying, never lost his balance. To that, however, I will recur presently.

The poems reprinted by Mr. Stopford Brooke were composed between 1802 and the beginning of 1816—

that is, from the accession of Napoleon to the Life-Consulship to the day appointed for a general thanksgiving for his overthrow at Waterloo. When Wordsworth wrote the earliest of these poems, which is dated 1801, he had ceased to be a Republican, had repented his denunciations of monarchy and aristocracy, and had, with respect to the English Constitution in Church and State, assumed precisely the same attitude as Burke—in other words, he was what is denominated in our time a Liberal-Conservative. It was as a Conservative in all that related to the institutions of his own country—which he had, like Burke, come to regard as "the sanctuary of liberty," "the sacred temple consecrated to the common faith" of the English-speaking races—that he took up the trumpet of Milton. And never certainly since the sonnets on Cromwell and on the Vaudois and the conclusion of the second book of Reformation in England have such soul-animating blasts been blown; never have the friends of liberty heard so rapt a strain. Of such sonnets as that on the extinction of the Venetian Republic, on the subjugation of Switzerland, to Toussaint L'Ouverture, to Milton, to Ferdinand von Schill we may say, as Hazlitt said of a passage in one of Fletcher's plays, it is something worth living for to read such poetry as this, or to know that it has been written, or that there have been subjects on which to write it. Lines like

"Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth and skies;
There's not a breathing of the common mind
That will forget thee: thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind,"
are and always will be inspirations; and what a great note we have in such lines as

"Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left;
For, high-souled maid, what sorrow would it be
That mountain floods should thunder as before,
And ocean billow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful voice be heard by thee!"

Mr. Stopford Brooke has done well to bring these sonnets into prominence at this particular moment: they are pregnant with lessons for the hour. There is undoubtedly a moral apathy, a gross and sordid materialism and a cynical indifference to what, for want of a better name, we may call sentiment, but what ought really to be two-thirds of a nation's conscience, which is becoming more and more confirmed. It is to the influence of such poets as Wordsworth, to such poems as those numbered ii., vi., vii., viii., xi., xxi., xxiii., xxvii. in the First Part of this collection, and to those numbered i., ii., iv., ix., x., xv., xvii. xix., xxiii., xxviii., xxix., xxxii. in the Second Part that we must look for our—SURSUM CORDA! Mr. Brooke, who, as we have said, has had an immediate political purpose in editing this volume, has instituted several interesting parallels between the incidents which inspired these poems and the recent and present incidents to which they may be applied. He finds, for example, in Buonaparte's subjugation of Switzerland and the Tyrolese an analogy to the coercion of Crete; in Buonaparte himself an analogy to the Concert of the Powers, in the exhortations and counsels of Wordsworth to the England of the Napoleonic struggle, exhortations and counsels needed now. A literary article is not the place to discuss burning questions in current politics, and beyond remarking that the spectacle of the countrymen of Milton, Shelley and Wordsworth fighting the battle of the Turks against an oppressed people struggling for independence and liberty is certainly an astonishing one. I must say no more, but return *ad crepidam*.

Mr. Stopford Brooke has not only done Wordsworth great injustice, but has, I venture to think, gravely misrepresented him in asserting that he became an apostate from the Liberal cause. "The early and noble impulses," Mr. Brooke writes, "which had filled his soul with health and life and universal sympathy with man, and which had inspired his unpremeditated verse, passed away from him"—a terrible retribution, Mr. Brooke implies, for his defection. The only apostasy of which Wordsworth was guilty took place before 1800. During the period of the composition of the poems which, according to Mr. Brooke, place him beside Milton as an apostle

of liberty, there is nothing to indicate that his opinions differed in any way from the opinions held by him during the rest of his life. His exact analogy is Burke, though Burke never passed through Wordsworth's Republican phase. All the poems which Mr. Brooke reprints had reference to questions not affecting the English Constitution. Had Burke been a poet and lived through the first decade of the nineteenth century there is not a poem produced by Wordsworth which Burke might not have written. Both Burke and Wordsworth were strenuous lovers of liberty, but the moment their Ark of the Covenant was imperilled, the Whig Constitution of 1688, they became ultra-Conservatives *instantly*. It was because they loved liberty that they jealously protected what they believed to be its shrine. It was this which accounts for Wordsworth's opposition to Catholic Emancipation, to the Reform Bill, to the Ballot, to all those measures which tended in his opinion to disturb the equilibrium in our civil and ecclesiastical system. After he ceased to be a Republican he was never a Democrat. When he wrote the thrilling poems which Mr. Brooke reprints he was all that he was when he opposed the Reform Bill. His opposition to the Bill he has himself explained in his poem entitled "The Warning." He opposed it, not because he had ceased to love liberty or believe in liberty, but in precisely the same reason that Milton and Burke would at that moment have opposed it. To say that the light began to go out of his poetry in 1812 and that he "hardened into a strong Conservatism" is to say what a reference to his poetry will at once confute. The sonnet on Vienna, written in 1816, is one of the very finest of his liberty sonnets. The sonnets "Rise, they have risen," "Aid Glorious Martyrs," "Patriotic Sympathies," "Obligation of Civil to Religious Liberty," in the ecclesiastical sonnets written between 1821-22, have all the fire and glow of the poems reprinted in the present volume. As late as 1829 he was thus writing in a poem entitled "Liberty"—

"No sea

Swells like the bosom of a man set free ;

A wilderness is rich with liberty"—

and the lines that follow.

But it is useless, and we have not space, to accumulate illustrations. It is quite true that the poetry produced by him after 1816 contains a far less percentage of work of his best quality, but that has more to do with advancing years and natural exhaustion than with political apostasy. He was always unequal, and even in Mr. Stopford Brooke's volume there are poems which are almost ludicrous in their flatness and baldness, notably the sonnet beginning "We had a female passenger." Many may regret, as Mr. Stopford Brooke would apparently do, that Wordsworth was not a Republican or Democrat in his best days ; but he was not ; and to mourn over his apostasy from a cause to which, when he became the poet of liberty, he never belonged is to do him great injustice.

J. CHURTON COLLINS.

PHILIP AND ALEXANDER OF MACEDON.

"Philip and Alexander of Macedon." Two Essays in Biography. By David G. Hogarth, M.A. With Maps and Illustrations. London : Murray. 1897.

THE two studies contained in this fascinating volume, though historically continuous and equally interesting, are far from being equally important. The study of Alexander is a brilliant essay on the character and achievements of the conqueror of the world ; but that on Philip is much more than an essay, it is the first adequate biography of the maker of Macedon that has yet appeared. Mr. Hogarth's scholarship, his vigorous treatment, the independence of his judgment, his grasp on realities, cultivated by his explorations in the Levant, far more than atone for a certain striving after effect which is occasionally perceptible and reminds us disagreeably of the typical prize essay.

"Philip came down from Aegae to Pella." We remember how these words, occurring in one of Mr. Freeman's writings, vividly impressed upon us that no one had ever, fully and methodically, considered the work of Philip on its own merits from a Macedonian, and not from an Athenian, point of view. The coming

down from Aegae to Pella seems indeed to have been, literally, of less significance than Mr. Freeman imagined. Pella, according to Mr. Hogarth, was "the mint and home of the court" for a considerable time before Philip's accession. But it was under Philip that Pella attained a distinctive pre-eminence as capital and royal residence ; under him the dignity was no longer shared with the older and loftier site. It must not be supposed that this descent was in any way symbolic of a nation of hillmen, coming down, as their power grew, to dwell in the plain. On the contrary, the Macedonian monarchy was a case of dwellers in a plain extending their sway over unwilling and hitherto never fully subjugated mountaineers. The first task of Philip, the condition of all further success, was to grapple with the difficulty which had embarrassed the weaker, and had never been more than temporarily settled by the stronger, of his predecessors.

Macedonia could not be consolidated until the feudatories of the hills had been thoroughly reduced to subjection ; and it was only when this had been achieved that she could deal effectually with her martial neighbours the Illyrians and Thracians, or attain a permanently dominant position in the Balkan peninsula. Mr. Hogarth has well brought out the fact that the struggle with the hillmen is the key to the early history of Macedonia ; and to appreciate the work of Philip we must understand the significance of that struggle. To make Macedonia a nation and to create an army—"a professional army with a national spirit"—were tasks which both preceded in time and exceeded in difficulty all plans of conquest or civilization. The kingdom, if it was to rise to a higher destiny than that of a petty and barbarous principality, demanded a sovran of the type of Peter the Great, a man of indomitable will, possessing the capacity of origination, unbound by tradition or convention, and yet a genuine Macedonian. Philip indeed reminds us more of the maker of Russia than of any other modern statesman ; the barbarian ineradicable in both, yet both adoring with a whole heart the light of civilization. Of the two, Philip was the more civilized. The Macedonian had more of the Hellene in his nature than the Russian had of the Western European. Here is Mr. Hogarth's portrait of Philip :—

"His intellectual force was of the first order, his perception as rapid and certain as the action which followed it. The width of his sympathies, coupled with a radical insincerity of character, enabled him to adapt himself to all things and all men ; to talk with Aristotle or to drink to excess of good-fellowship with boors and braves. No obstacles of principle beset his path, and two-thirds of the anecdotes recorded of him illustrate his perfidy. To one thing, however, he was never false—his personal ambition as involved in the greatness of his own people. Self-sufficing, masterful to all men, without scruples and without foibles, he was a man rather to fear than to love. Like a Napoleon, he could inspire those whom he kept at a distance with enthusiastic admiration for his strength and his star ; but perhaps no heart of man or woman ever beat for him with gentler passion."

In dealing with the three years of Philip's boyhood which were spent at Thebes and exercised a decisive influence on his future career, Mr. Hogarth has ventured on what we must regard as a most unhappy delineation of the Theban character. He represents the Theban spirit as un-Hellenic, Theban habits as Oriental, and suggests that the Theban was in Greece what the Turk is in modern Europe. "The Theban," he says, "is the equivalent of the Spartan with the most Hellenic features in the nature of the latter left out ; reserve and sense of proportion are exchanged for overweening pride and unmeasured exultation, and the 'Leuctran insolence' of the Theban became a byword in Greece. Of devotion to the common weal, and anthropomorphic idealism in worship, in which consisted the best heritage of Hellas, Spartan history can show many evidences, Theban history none. The Cadmeian characteristics are those of a conquering people of the East ; both in war and in peace they foreshadow those of the Ottoman Turk. . . . The Theban is Oriental in his sluggish fatalism, Oriental in his addiction to and open avowal of sexless love, Oriental in his orgiastic worship and in his orgiastic

feasts. The supper of the Polemarchs on the night of the Liberation in 378 might have been held in a banquet-hall of Babylon." This fanciful caricature is unlike Mr. Hogarth's usual sobriety. He has been seduced by the Semitic interpretation of the legend of Cadmus to seek peculiarly Asiatic features in the Cadmeans of Boeotia. On this method we might prove many curious theories. Pointing to the remarkable Corinthian worship of Aphrodite (in honour of whose "much-wedded dames" Pindar wrote a beautiful scolion), we should find no difficulty in making out as plausible a case for the Oriental character of Corinth. Mr. Hogarth has not sufficiently established the hard-and-fast line which he attempts to draw between the Thebans and the other Boeotians. All the Boeotians were marked by a materialistic spirit, and, if we want a modern parallel, we may seek it in the Flemings and the Dutch.

The sketch of Alexander's miraculous career is extraordinarily fresh and suggestive. We should like to hope that it is preliminary to some fuller and more serious work destined to be based on personal explorations in Afghanistan and Turkestan. As it is, though Mr. Hogarth has not visited Central Asia, the description of Alexander's marches and exploits east of the Tigris are marked by a vividness of insight and a sureness of touch which betray the trained explorer. He regards it as practically certain that Alexandria of the Arians was in the district of Herat, if not on the site of Herat itself; he is inclined (with Spiegel) to identify Proththasia with Farah in Seistan; but he speaks with considerable reserve on the subject of the Afghan cities, which presumably correspond to Candahar and Ghazni. Here, as he observes, "a material advance in knowledge can be made only through careful exploration by some one thoroughly conversant with Hellenistic remains." On the greater Alexandria, nearer home, Mr. Hogarth has made some instructive remarks to show that it was the only possible site on the Egyptian coast for a great port:—

"The new harbour must lie outside the reach of the Nilotic silt; therefore not on the Delta coast-line. It must be sheltered from the west, the prevailing wind in the Levant; therefore no point on the exposed shore trending north-east from Pelusium would serve. It must be, lastly, within reach of sweet Nile water; therefore it could hardly be placed farther west than Rhacotis. The site now chosen was eminently defensible, having Lake Mareotis in the rear; and the tradition of history has ascribed unanimously to Alexander a personal share in, and solicitude for, the inaugurating of this Egyptian city, of which no mention is made in connexion with any other of his foundations."

We thoroughly agree with Mr. Hogarth that it was a commercial aim which dictated the foundation of Alexandria; that the new city was meant to take the place of that active centre of Levantine trade, Tyre, which it was one of the greatest triumphs of Alexander to have wrecked. We do not remember to have ever seen the policy and strategy of the young conqueror during the two years after the battle of Granicus dealt with, as a whole, in such a masterly manner. A few weeks after that battle Alexander discovered at Miletus that the maritime States of Greece sympathized at heart more with his foes than with himself. Mr. Hogarth designates the moment of this discovery as a psychological turning-point in Alexander's career. "At Miletus, the first sanguine hour of Alexander's life has closed, and on the wreck of his exuberant illusions begins to rise a sterner purpose. Greece must be coerced if she will not be courted. Her command of the seas shall be broken by the capture of the coasts of the Levant, and her people be bent willy nilly to do pan-Hellenic work. . . . In face of present hostility it was no longer worth while to maintain an offensive fleet; and accordingly he issued now his much-cavassed decision to 'burn his boats' and leave himself stranded in Asia." And so "the campaigns of the last half of 334, of 333, and of 332 had all for their objective the littoral of the Levant."

The psychological development of Alexander has received considerable attention from Mr. Hogarth, who has on this point many discreet and pertinent things to say. In one place he has been tempted—by rhetoric or by ethical conviction?—to commit an impertinence.

In discussing Alexander's emotional nature and his indifference to women, Mr. Hogarth, who emphatically denies that his temperament was cold, writes thus:—

"Was there not in Alexander's life at least one emotional friendship, a friendship of that type which, based obscurely on passion, in certain natures passes the love of women? Perhaps he consciously directed the imperious current of his emotion into that channel to avoid all risk of sexual slavery; but even so, if we believe Plutarch and the concert of antiquity, Alexander stands absolved of all suspicion of sin; and we must count him not worse than the best of the race and school of Plato in the age before the idealization of woman."

Sin; the word is out of place and unworthy of a scholar like Mr. Hogarth. It is impertinent to apply a modern standard to Alexander and his contemporaries. A clergyman or an English judge may feel it officially incumbent upon him to denounce Hellas as "sinful" in this connexion; but surely the historian may leave it to them to adopt the language of edification at the expense of historical justice.

A NEW TRANSLATION OF "FAUST."

Goethe's "Faust." The so-called First Part. Together with the scene "Two Imps and Amor," the Variants of the Göchhausen Transcript and the complete Paralipomena of the Weimar edition of 1887. In English, with Introduction and Notes. By R. McLintock. London: Nutt. 1897.

THIS work has an interest quite apart from the fact that it contains a new translation of Goethe's masterpiece. It introduces popularly, and presents for the first time in an English form, Herr Erich Schmidt's remarkable discovery of the Göchhausen Transcript of "Faust." As the particulars of this discovery are of singular interest and may be new to many of our readers, we will briefly recall them. Goethe, as is well known, was attracted to the subject of "Faust" as early as 1770. He was then busy with his "Götz von Berlichingen," working at "Faust" side by side with it, but not making much progress. "Götz" was completed in 1771, taken in hand again and re-written between 1772 and 1773, in which year it was published. In the following year "Werther" appeared, but "Faust" was on the anvil, for Goethe read some scenes from it to Klopstock in the autumn of 1774 at Frankfurt. A few months afterwards (1775) he migrated from Frankfurt to Weimar, bringing the manuscript of "Faust" with him, and that manuscript he read to the Court circle, which then included Wieland, Knebel, and Musæus. It was written, he has himself told us, on foolscap, without any erasures, as "he was careful not to write down a line which was not good and might not be allowed to stand." When, fifteen years afterwards, he was again at work on the drama, he had this very manuscript before him, and he describes it as yellow, dingy and frayed; its text formed the basis of the "Fragment" of 1790, and consequently of the "Tragedy" of 1808. The discovery of this document or of a transcript of it would, therefore, enable us to see what was the first form the drama assumed in the poet's hands. That discovery Herr Erich Schmidt has had the good fortune to make, and has thus put us in possession of a critical relic of extraordinary value. Indeed the Göchhausen Transcript stands in the same relation to the "Fausts" of 1790 and 1808 as the 1603 quarto of "Hamlet" stands to the quarto of 1604 and to the folio of 1623. It was found among the papers which had come down to Major von Göchhausen from his great-aunt, Luise von Göchhausen, "the pen-loving lady" of the Fragment of 1790. She had transcribed it apparently from Goethe's own copy, the transcript being in small quarto, neatly and clearly written.

This transcript places it beyond doubt that Goethe based his work on Marlowe's "Doctor Faustus," which is followed very closely, and that he had originally no intention of expanding the work into what it subsequently became. Mr. McLintock labours to show that "Götz," "Werther" and "Faust" had a

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common inspiration and a common origin; that in "Götz" Goethe depicted the man he would wish to be—his youthful *beau idéal* of man; in "Werther" the man which for a while he actually was; in "Faust" the man into which he was conscious he had the potentiality of developing. With this view, which is of course by no means original, we entirely concur. But there is no reason for supposing, as Mr. McLintock supposes, that the "Prologue in Heaven" was designed to disguise this. The work grew with Goethe's strength, becoming more and more complex, comprehensive, pregnant. What was individual became typical, what was particular symbolic, what was lyrical dramatic. We have an analogy in "Hamlet," the "Faust" of our own Shakespeare. In its early form it was little more than a history-play, in its mature form it is a profound and subtle psychological masterpiece. Nor can we at all agree with Mr. McLintock and others in their assumption that the Second Part of "Faust" is a mere excrescence on the original work, and was indeed an afterthought subsequent to 1808, for Goethe distinctly told Eckermann that it was not, but that it had been in his mind for fifty years. The First Part may, no doubt, be regarded both from an artistic and moral point of view as complete in itself; with the Second Part, in spite of its many beauties, the world has agreed to be disappointed; nay, we may even think that it transforms what is perhaps the most magnificent climax in dramatic literature to a lame and impotent conclusion. But this was not Goethe's view. With him the Second Part, no doubt, stood in the same essential relation to the First as in the mind of Milton "Paradise Regained" stood to "Paradise Lost," and in the mind of Sophocles the "Œdipus at Colonus" stood to the "Œdipus Rex." It was fit that the balance should be adjusted for "Œdipus," and it was equally fit that it should be adjusted for "Faust." To represent his sins as inexpiable, and consign him to perdition, might have been in accordance with the theology of Dante, but it was certainly not in accordance with the theology of Goethe. The fact is that in matters of this kind we attach far too much importance to the mere æsthetics of poetry, as even great poets do in their youth, but never in their mature years.

With every wish to be indulgent—for we know how difficult the task is which Mr. McLintock has undertaken—we are sorry to say that we cannot congratulate him on his translation. He is occasionally vigorous and sometimes felicitous, but his blunders are sometimes truly astonishing. Thus

"Zwar euer Bart ist kraus, doch hebt ihr nicht die Riegel,"

—that is, "Your wards are twisted, yet you raise not the bolt"—is actually turned

"But, spite of quaint-cut beards, no bolt could yet unlock me";

Mr. McLintock confounding "Bart," a beard, with "Bart," the wards of a key. The well-known proverbial expression, "Sie pfeift auf dem letzten Loch," is translated "squeaks from his topmost hole" instead of "is at its last gasp," or literally, "whistles on the last hole."

"Ach! zu des Geistes Flügeln wird so leicht, Kein körperlicher Flügel sich gesellen."

is actually turned

"We soar aloft on spirit wings, but don't Not easily the more corporeal pinion" (!)

The blunders are often very serious, ruining the force and charm of some of the most beautiful passages. It is deplorable to find Margaret's words

"Doch—alles, was dazu mich trieb, Gott! war so gut! ach, war so lieb,"!

turned into

"Though he whose doing brought me here, Lord! was so goodly, was so dear," (!)

where a little attention to grammar might, at all events, have preserved the pathos. "Durch die Gründe" in the Walpurgis scene does not mean "through the bottom," which makes nonsense, but through the gorges. "Entzwei! entzwei!" is, incredible to relate, translated "To-whitt! to-who!" "Pferderfuss" "horse's leg"—and this more than once; and "gerichtet," in the last scene, "condemned," thus stultifying, of course, the whole meaning. These are,

we regret to say, only a few samples of the many blunders which deform this translation. Nor is Mr. McLintock very successful with the well-known "cruces" of the play. The puzzling line, for instance, "Fort! dein Zagen zögert den Tod heran," is not much helped by being rendered "Quick! it dallies death on, this suspense," which is neither English nor German. It is no discredit to Mr. McLintock that he has failed with the celebrated lines in the Prologue, "Das Werdende," &c., but he will, we fear, enjoy the distinction of having produced the very worst version that has ever been given of Margaret's inimitable song. The last couplet may suffice:—

"An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt."

appears as

"And 'neath his kisses
Melt outright!"

Mr. McLintock would have done well to remember two things which he appears to have forgotten: one is that Goethe is never vulgar, and the other is that he studied the nicest propriety of tone and form. In rendering the speeches of Mephistopheles Mr. McLintock might with advantage have taken Clough's "Dipsychus" as his model, which would have shown him the distinction in our own language between cynical levity and simple vulgarity; as it is he is constantly setting our teeth on edge. We submit, also, that any English version of this play which does not catch the exact accent and preserve the metres of the original, as Mr. Bayard Taylor has done, is predestined to failure. The only consolation which we can offer to Mr. McLintock is, *in magnis et voluisse sat est*.

THE "NEW RACE" IN EGYPT.

"Koptos." By W. M. Flinders Petrie, D.C.L., LL.D. With a Chapter by D. G. Hogarth. Quaritch. 1897.

"Naqada and Ballas." By the same, and J. E. Quibell. With a Chapter by F. C. J. Spurrell. Quaritch. 1897.

IT is difficult to keep pace with Professor Petrie's discoveries. The discoverer of Naucratis and explorer of the Fayyûm is perpetually lighting upon something absolutely new and unexpected. In these two volumes the excavations and "finds" made in 1893-4 and 1894-5 are described, and the main discovery they reveal is of an entirely unsuspected race of immigrants, wholly distinct from the native Egyptians, and presenting most remarkable characteristics. Mr. Petrie got an inkling of the matter in his exploration of Koptos, but the full revelation came upon him when he turned over some three thousand graves between Ballâseh and Negâdeh, about thirty miles below Thebes. He and Mr. Quibell went there with a totally different object: they meant to explore the town and temple and pyramid of Nubt. They found there much that is interesting—and incidentally Mr. Petrie identifies Nubt-Ombos with the Ombos of Juvenal's 15th Satire (hitherto believed to be Kôm Ombo, 120 miles south), and thus explains how it was that the people of Ombos and Tentyra (Denderah) happened to meet and fight at a festival at Koptos (Kuft), which was of course close by:—

"Inter finitimos vetus atque antiqua simultas,
Immortale odium, et nunquam sanabile vulnus
Ardet adhuc, Ombos et Tentyra."

They had been some weeks at work searching for Egyptian remains when they accidentally came across the cemeteries which have yielded such curious results. "The first graves that I opened at Naqada," says Professor Petrie, "showed a position of the body that was obviously not that usual among Egyptians. The pottery and objects found were also different from any that we knew as belonging to dated periods in Egypt. So soon as I found that these were not casual and isolated peculiarities, but part of a large class, it seemed that we must regard them as belonging to an immigrant people. The longer we worked the more we marked the distinction between these immigrants and the regular Egyptians; and the longer we searched in vain for a single object of the many kinds so well

known in Egyptian graves—the head-rests, the canopic jars, the pottery, the amulets, the scarabs, the coffins—without finding a single example, the greater appeared the historical gulf between the two peoples.” The differences were, indeed, most striking. Instead of being mummified, laid out straight, and buried in coffins in tombs, these foreigners were merely buried in their clothing in grave pits, lying on their left side, facing the west, with the head to the south; their knees were doubled up almost to their chins, the head usually cut off, and often placed on a sort of honourable pedestal, and the limbs frequently severed. There were signs not only that the bodies were cut up before burial, but that they were sometimes partly eaten, and the marrow sucked from the bones, as a solemn rite by which the virtues of the deceased might be transmitted to his relations. There are no inscriptions as in Egyptian tombs, none of the usual objects found throughout the ordinary tombs of Egypt, but a quantity of flint implements and bracelets, buried ashes, slate palettes, jars of fat, and above all a vast number of vases and vessels of pottery of various kinds—red polished, red and black, red with white lines, decorated and incised—but all made without any use of the potter’s wheel, yet of wonderfully symmetrical and graceful forms. Not only is no single object of Egyptian workmanship found among these products of the “New Race,” but no object of the kind made by this foreign people is found among the remains of the native Egyptian handicraft hard by at Nubt. The two peoples evidently lived wholly apart, if not in open hostility (there are too few broken bones in the graves to allow the supposition of much fighting) at least in a state of rigid boycott. The “New Race” appears to have been a peaceful people, a tribe of mountaineers with sturdy legs and of tall stature. They were not a military colony or a body of mercenaries, because there were more women than men found in the graves; and had they been captives or hired soldiers they must inevitably have acquired something of the arts and civilization of their Egyptian masters, of which there is not a trace. The changes in the style of their pottery involve a considerable sojourn in the land, and Professor Petrie believes that they must have expelled the Egyptian population and completely occupied the Thebaid for two or three centuries; he adduces evidence which tends to show that these centuries probably fell between 3300 and 3000 B.C. Who were these unexpected invaders, and whence did they come? A comparison of skull measurements, &c., leads Mr. Petrie to the conclusion that they were Libyans—by no means the first or the last Libyans who invaded Egypt; and he goes further, and seeks to establish a relationship between them and the Amorites, whose pottery bears a striking resemblance to that found in the graves at Negâdeh. He sums up the theory in the following words:—

“We conclude, then, that in the New Race we see a branch of the same Libyan race that founded the Amorite power; that we have in their remains the example of the civilization of the southern Mediterranean at the beginning of the use of metal, about 3200 B.C.; and that probably in the galleys painted on the pottery we see the earliest pictures of that commerce of the Punic race which was so important for some three thousand years later on that sea. In short, we have revealed a section of the Mediterranean civilization, preserved and dated for us by the soil of Egypt.”

This may justly be termed a “large order,” but we have not space to explain or criticize the various grounds upon which the hypothesis is based. Professor Petrie’s foible is theorizing, and there are weak links in the chain of his argument. The subject will need further research before his views can be implicitly accepted, but *à priori* there is nothing improbable in his Libyan derivation, whatever may be thought of the Amorite and Phœnician parts of the theory. But, leaving his deductions out of the question, there can be no two opinions as to the thoroughness and skill with which he conducted his explorations, or the scientific accuracy and scrupulous care with which he recorded his observations and guarded against the risk of error and misplacement of the remains he describes.

We only wish all other excavators would study his introduction and adopt his methods and precautions. It is not generally known what serious injury is annually done to archæology by careless, ignorant, and unscrupulous diggers—not always native dealers (though these are the curse of Egypt), but people who should know better. Any one, practically, can get leave to dig holes in the desert, and the damage thus done by unqualified and greedy adventurers is irreparable. We should like to see an absolute veto placed upon all excavation in Egypt, except by archæologists whose qualifications are attested by some competent authority. Perhaps M. de Morgan’s successor in the Directorship of Archæology may see his way to enforce some such regulation. If not, Lord Cromer ought to take the matter up, let the Paris Press rage never so furiously. The French management of antiquities in Egypt has not been such an unqualified success of late years that England cannot plead justification for interference.

We have little space in which to notice the interesting results of Mr. Petrie’s work at Koptos. The most important feature of his discoveries there was the finding of a large representation of clay modelling of the very earliest dynasties of the ancient Empire. The importance lies in the bearing of this clay work upon the stone sculpture which began about the Third Dynasty. “The general result to which we are led is that during some considerable period before the Third Dynasty art was developing in pottery modelling, from the rudest imitations of men and animals, gradually modified by copying of the muscles and rounding the forms, until it had reached a high pitch of observation and finish. That on the beginning of the common use of metal, the mastery of hewing stone was obtained, and stone became the best material for statuary in such conditions. The skill and taste which had been developed on pottery was transferred to stone at once, so that probably in a single generation highly finished stone statuary would become usual, without leaving any intermediate stages of abortive attempts and clumsy endeavours. . . . Thus we reach a solution of what has hitherto been one of the greatest mysteries in the course of art—how such a finished and detailed style and such a grand taste could arise without leaving a long series of endeavours as in all other countries. The endeavours were in pottery, which has all perished, or been disregarded hitherto. The stone begins when the art was already developed.” Here, again, is a fascinating theory, which needs some examination. We must not conclude without a word of praise for Mr. Hogarth’s interesting chapter on the Greek inscriptions—notably the Tariff—of Koptos, or for the numerous and admirable illustrations which abound in both volumes.

AN AMERICAN HISTORY OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

“Europe in the Middle Age.” By O. J. Thatcher, Ph.D., and Ferdinand Schwill, Ph.D. London: Murray. 1897.

THIS is a very typical instance of a large and unsatisfactory class of American histories. On this side of the water we have come to consider it useless to endeavour to draw huge and sweeping general deductions concerning long periods of history, when we have only a second-hand knowledge of the facts on which those deductions rest. To enable a writer to speak with authority on a subject he must have looked at some at least of the original documents: if he tries to formulate his conclusions after reading a heap of manuals, good and bad, and boiling them down, he will not only betray a want of accurate appreciation of the spirit of the time, but will indubitably slip into actual errors and misstatements. The larger the topic, the more hopeless is it to theorize upon it without any real first-hand knowledge.

This book is one of a most magnificent and ambitious scope; it covers the whole history of Europe from Odoacer and Theodoric down to Luther and Savonarola, and it does not merely purport to give an analysis of events and a skeleton of the political

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history of the Middle Ages, but deals largely with dissertations on the philosophy, theology, and art of the eleven centuries which it covers. The authors in their 700 pages find space to criticize German Cathedral Architecture, to censure Realism, to lament that Boccaccio's tales are spoilt by "excesses more than modern manners and modern print will support," and to drop a kindly word in favour of Ghirlandaio. Not two nor twenty Ph.D.s could adequately perform such an enormous task as this. Five hundred years of the history of Russia refuse to be packed into a dozen lines, and Norway, Denmark and Sweden, from Cnut to Christian II., cannot be adequately dealt with in a page and a half. It would be bad enough if the few definite facts given in each century were correct, but the curse of second-hand information is that it is always inaccurate.

There is something terribly depressing in large general statements as to national spirit or constitutional development backed up by hopeless misstatements. How can we trust the writer who begins to explain to us the meaning of the Wars of the Roses when we find that he imagines the second battle of St. Albans to have been a great victory of Edward IV. (p. 340)? Or what confidence shall we place in his account of the dealings of Edward I. with Scotland when we find him calling the Maid of Norway the *daughter* of Alexander III., and explaining that Bruce and Balliol were her cousins (p. 524)? What can be more irritating to any reader who knows anything about the Third Crusade than to find that it failed because "Richard I. was utterly without the qualifications of a successful leader, while the army needed a commander who could direct it in the proper way"? Such an ignorant echo of old-world manuals as this makes the critic despair. If Messrs. Thatcher and Schwill would spend two hours in reading the chapters of the "Itinerarium Regis Ricardi" and of Boha-ed-din, which deal with the march from Acre to Jaffa and the battle of Arsuf, they would never again call Cœur de Lion a brainless knight-errant or a leader incapable of directing an army.

On p. 550, which deals with Eastern Europe in the later Middle Ages, we find within ten lines of each other two statements which would in themselves be enough to show a gross neglect of using the most ordinary sources of information. A mere glance into some History of Russia—Rambaud's, for example—would have shown the authors that Ivan the Great did *not* "reduce all the independent principalities of Russia and take the title of Czar." At his death the dominions of the Princes of Riazan and Novgorod-Severski, together with the Republic of Psoff, still remained to be annexed to Moscow. And the title of Tsar was only assumed by Ivan the Terrible forty years after Ivan the Great's death (1547). Still worse is it to find lower on the page that "the Osman Turks came from Central Asia about the middle of the fourteenth century, and soon won territory in Europe." If anything is certain in this world, it is that Ertogrul was seated in Asia Minor in 1230, and that his descendants had been ruling a broad principality there for two generations before the date at which Messrs. Thatcher and Schwill bring them out of Turkistan. Their statement is a careless confusion of two separate facts lying more than a century apart—namely, that Ertogrul came from Central Asia about 1230, and that his successors crossed into Europe not long after the date 1350. We might as well say that William the Conqueror came from Scandinavia to England, suppressing the fact that his ancestors had dwelt in Normandy for more than a century before Hastings.

We are at a loss to make out where the authors of this book have borrowed their system of spelling and modernizing mediæval names. Some attempt at consistency ought to be preserved; if they write of Fulco, count of Anjou (p. 396), or Guido of Lusignan (p. 414), why do we get a few paragraphs later thoroughly modern French forms like Thibaut of Champagne or Alphonse of Aragon? The Mohammedan names are even more hopeless—we can take our choice between Zangi, or Zenghi, or Zengi—but Zenki is quite impossible. And when we have in English the convenient letters J and V, why should the Lord of Mosul appear as Dschawali, instead of Javali, or the Sultan of Roum as Kilidsch Arslan, instead of Kilij Arslan? "Muin

Eddin Anar," by the way, was not Emir of Damascus, but the Vizier of the Emir Mujir-ed-din Abak (p. 396) during the second crusade.

The maps of Messrs. Schwill and Thatcher are almost as unsatisfactory as their letterpress. "Albania" (Albanach) did not lie south of the Clyde; in 1500 there was no single State called "the Netherlands" outside the border of the Empire. Toulouse was never part of the dominions of Henry II., nor was Kazan annexed by the Grand-Dukes of Muscovy in the time of Ivan the Great.

THE COMPLETE CYCLIST

"The Complete Cyclist." By A. C. Pemberton, H. Williamson, C. P. Sisley and Gilbert Floyd. London: Innes & Co. 1897.

THIS is a handsomely got-up volume of portentous thickness illustrated with fairly good half-tone blocks. The authors have done their work well. The historical portion is not dry. The chapters treating of the choice of a machine could hardly be bettered; there is a good deal of plain speaking concerning the actual merits of certain inventions, which comes as a relief after the rhapsodies of the cycling press. To give an example—this is what the authors say about the "Acatene" chainless safety, which has been exciting so much attention:—"There appears to be no novelty in the actual gear itself, which is simply a pair of bevel pinions on a shaft . . . engaging in two bevel wheels, one on the crank axle, and the other on the driving wheel hub. The patent consists merely in the method of mounting the pinion, which to me appears quite a minor detail, and I fail to see why, if all experiments with this form of gear in the early days failed to disclose any advantage, the mere fact of a trivial detail in construction can suddenly transform it into a superior article to the well-tried chain." The eulogies of wood rims we cannot endorse. The general experience of the cycling community—in this climate, at any rate—goes to prove that they are not reliable, as, no matter how well they may wear, they are certain to warp a little, and cause the back wheel, at least, constantly to get out of order. Another point where most cyclists of old experience will join issue with the authors is contained in the statement about ladies' machines on p. 127:—"If a machine does not weigh over twenty-eight pounds with lamp, tool-bag, &c., it is light. They can be easily made to this weight." On the contrary, experience goes to show that a lady's "safety" in the scales, even if it is a special machine, with racing tyres and specially light wheels, will certainly weigh at least thirty-one pounds including brake, mud-guards, gear-case, lamp and tool-bag: and it will be very light indeed at that. Almost any maker will undertake to build such a machine at twenty-five pounds guaranteed, and will swear to the weight when made; but that is another story to the one the scales tell. The chapter on touring might with advantage have been a little more detailed; and the same remark applies to that dealing with "Racing and Training," the training part being of small practical value to a novice, since it appears to assume that the rider knows just how much or how little work to do. Now this is just what the average racing novice does not know, and he usually buys his experience somewhat too dearly. Mrs. Harcourt Williamson's chapter concerning "The Cycle in Society" is very smart, in the fashion-journal sense of the word; but it is exceedingly unpractical and incomplete if it is intended as a guide to lady cyclists. No useful details about the important matter of dress are given beyond a general statement to the effect that it is necessary to get one's things at a good tailor's, and a page or two of suggestions for smart costumes to wear for "parade" riding.

On the whole, the book is interesting, and will wile away an idle hour pleasantly; but it is not calculated to give much actual aid to the novice struggling in the midst of a slough of ignorance, and overwhelmed on every side by the misleading directions, advice, theories, and warnings of friends. It is difficult to hit the happy medium in compiling a volume of this kind. We are of opinion, however, that no book on the sport and pastime of cycling can be complete unless it includes a really

reliable and useful section on path-racing, with complete training directions; also a section on touring that will be a useful guide to the man who has never toured before. Multicycles are a phase of cycling that should receive special attention. We have often been struck with the scant courtesy they receive at the hands of cycling writers. This, in all probability, is owing to lack of experience of multicycle riding, since those who have the opportunity of trying and testing all sorts of multicycles, and who are consequently competent to speak on the subject, are few. We have personally found that a tandem, or even a triplet, if manned by a crew who "nick" well together, is a capital touring mount. The commonest mistake made by purchasers of tandems is the ordering of too high a gear; 66 is quite enough for pleasure riding, and 63 will be found to give excellent results, since the strong point of a tandem lies in its steady running, which makes the accident of missing the pedal at high speed much less likely than on a single. A triplet, unless intended entirely for racing and pacing work, should be geared to 72 or so, if real ease and comfort are desired. It will be found immensely fast—much more so than a tandem—and quite easy uphill. There is a fascination about multicycle riding which will certainly make it the rage once the public "catches on to" the idea, and signs are not wanting to show that the present summer will see at least a large increase in the number of tandems in use.

ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

"Eras of the Christian Church." Edited by John Fulton, D.D., LL.D. (1) The Age of Hildebrand. By Marvin R. Vincent, D.D. (2) The Age of the Crusades. By James M. Ludlow, D.D. (3) The Great Western Schism. By Clinton Locke, D.D. Edinburgh: Clark. 1897.

THIS series of popular monographs, the work of American theologians and scholars, is intended to supply the ordinary student with a kind of bird's-eye view of some of the important epochs in the history of the Christian Church. Such books will scarcely be needed by the man who knows his Gibbon, and turns with unflinching pleasure to the glowing pages of Milman. But they will be of great service to the student of a particular period, or of special institutions like the later monastic orders and military communities. Dr. Vincent's volume seems to us the least satisfactory of the three before us. He is overweighted by his own learning; his period is so full, and crowded with so many persons and events of the first importance, that none of them—not even Hildebrand himself—stand out with clear-cut outline and definite individuality. The canvas is so large, and contains such a multitude of figures, that the effect is confused and confusing. Dr. Vincent is perhaps at his best when he steps aside to deal with the Templars, or the Inquisition, or the Universities; and he has enriched his book with an excellent and valuable bibliography.

Dr. Ludlow's book is more brightly written, with a sense of the picturesque in history which does not beguile the author into fine writing, but adds greatly to the charm and interest of the book. The Crusades form one of the most attractive, if one of the saddest, pages in the history of Christendom. Dr. Ludlow, in describing the rise of Islam, does justice to the character of the Prophet, and points out that he was in fact a great reformer. The earlier Saracen was a very different person from the later Turk. Dr. Ludlow has a happy knack of hitting off the characteristics of an episode or a personage in a few telling sentences, such as the description of the taking of Jerusalem, the sketches of Godfrey, Dandolo, Barbarossa, or the sad story of the children's crusade. The history is brought up to the death of St. Louis, and a concluding chapter gives a thoughtful summary of the real results of the ill-fated endeavours to deliver the holy places from the Moslem.

Dr. Locke's book on the Papal Schism makes very interesting reading, though the style is somewhat jerky and occasionally almost slangy. "The Pope rubbed in the insult" reads quaintly; and one is conscious of a shock at being told that when the Pope's foot was pre-

sented for the Eastern bishops to kiss, "the Greeks played they did not see it"; or at finding that the able Pope Martin V. was "smart." Nor can we possess ourselves entirely in peace when we read that "the Pope's chair was lowered several pegs." But in spite of these indications of a defective sense of style, the book is well done, and in spite of necessary compression is clear and vivid in general effect.

"The Formation of Christendom." By T. W. Allies. Vols. II. and III. London: Burns & Oates, 1897.

The first volume of this work endeavoured to deal with the Christian Church in its relations to the individual. The two volumes before us respectively discuss the Church in regard to society and to philosophy. Mr. Allies is one of those writers who come to their subject with a theory, and seek to fit the facts of history into the theory. In this case the theory is that of the Papacy; Mr. Allies was one of the early Oxford converts to Rome. Given the theory, the author has produced an exceedingly ingenious and able piece of work, savouring occasionally—as in the sketch of the Greek schools of philosophy in vol. ii.—of the use of manuals and compendiums rather than of original works; but still good and useful in its place. We observe that in his citation of the famous interpolated passage of Cyprian's "De Unitate Ecclesiae," Mr. Allies rejects the later insertions, while retaining the earlier; this chapter may profitably be compared with Archbishop Benson's exhaustive and scholarly examination of the whole question in the fourth section of his great work. Mr. Allies is at his best in the sketch of polytheism before Christ, at the opening of vol. ii., or the essay on Apollonius of Tyana in vol. iii. These volumes are somewhat too closely packed with technical theology to interest any but somewhat advanced theological students; who must, of course, accept Mr. Allies's central theory before they can fall in with the purpose of his work.

"The Church of the Sixth Century." By W. H. Hutton, B.D., Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, Oxford. London: Longmans. 1897.

Mr. Hutton considers that as a distinct epoch in history the sixth century begins with the reunion of East and West in 519 and ends with the accession of Gregory the Great in 590. The interest centres less in Rome than in Constantinople and Ravenna; the hero of the period is unquestionably the great Emperor Justinian. The author's picture of this many-sided man is that of an enthusiastic admirer, who yet has too great a reverence for facts to be led into mere panegyric or hero-worship. He very clearly inclines to acquit "the greatest Greek theologian of the century" of the heresy with which he was charged—Aphthartodocetism—but differs from Professor Bury, who regards the charge as proved. Mr. Hutton's verdict is "not proven" upon the existing evidence, which assuredly is confused and perplexing enough. The chapters on "The Eastern Church and its Mission" and on "The Art of the Sixth Century" are full of interest, and contain much matter which will be new to the majority of readers. An important point is made, with which Mr. Allies must reckon, by contrasting the greatness of the Eastern Church in this century with the "humiliation" (Duchesne) of the Papacy and of Rome.

"The Work of the Church in London." The St. James's Lectures for 1896. Edited by Bishop Barry. London: Murray.

A chapter of modern Church history may well be added to the books noticed above. No thoughtful man, whether a Churchman or not, can be indifferent to the moral problems of this vast city, and the efforts of spiritual agencies to deal with them. These lectures deal with the activities of the Established Church in the various districts of the Metropolis, as seen by the respective bishops set over them, the Archbishop of Canterbury contributing an introductory lecture. The right reverend lecturers laudably avoid polemics for the most part, and content themselves with setting forward the facts of the case, and showing what the Church is doing to cope with them. It is an astonishing record,

at one moment leading one to despair of ever adequately dealing with London misery and vice, and at another inspiring one with admiration for the heroism and self-denial shown by countless workers in the most difficult of all fields. Perhaps the freshest and most generally interesting of the lectures is that on East London, by the Bishop of Stepney.

THIRTY YEARS OF TEACHING.

"Thirty Years of Teaching." By L. C. Miall, F.R.S., Professor of Biology in the Yorkshire College. London: Macmillan. 1897.

TO those who love variety in their reading we can heartily recommend this book. Maxims for lecturers, memoirs of Baer and R. L. Edgeworth, dialogues between a well-to-do dysalter and a schoolmaster, and between a Science and Arts Professor, hints for reading aloud, studying nature and examining for the Oxford and Cambridge "Locals," an account of the Froebel and Pestalozzi methods, a criticism of Bain on Education, dissertations on Helplessness and Handiness, on Classical Grammar, on the teaching of Elementary Geography, and on the art of reading aloud, follow or cross each other with complexity bewildering. "Room for all subjects" is Professor Miall's motto as an educationist, and "room for all subjects" might appropriately be the motto of his book. Professor Miall has long been an honoured contributor to the "Journal of Education," and the miscellaneous character of the present volume is to be explained by the fact that it is a fasciculus of his contributions to that publication, and not, as the title might imply, an autobiography. We confess to disappointment; we should have preferred a record of his practical experiences as a teacher, and our regret is the greater because when he does draw on those experiences he is always interesting. However, we must be grateful for what we have. Much of what he has here reprinted and expanded was well worth reproduction in a permanent form. The two dialogues are excellent, and go to the heart of important subjects. We do not at all agree with Professor Miall's remarks about the Classics and classical teaching, a subject in which he does not appear to be in his element; but much of what he has to say about elementary education, and everything he has to say about scientific education, are full of interest and instruction. It is perhaps worth noting that in the remarks on English prose-writers "who wrote as they talked," the North to which Professor Miall meant to refer was plainly Roger North, the author of the "Examen" and the "Lives of the Norths," not North, the translator of Plutarch.

SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON.

"Shakespeare's London: a Study of London in the Reign of Elizabeth." By T. Fairman Ordish. London: Dent. 1897.

THE author of this little volume begins by doing himself great injustice. He sets out with a series of pompous platitudes which promise infinite dullness; but, sliding into what is evidently his natural style, he proceeds to gossip very pleasantly about "Shakespeare's London," not, he warns us to remember, "the London of Shakespeare." A pretty and portable book, printed with excellent type on excellent paper, with a reduced facsimile of Visscher's view of London in 1616 prefixed to it, and with seven really good illustrations from drawings by Mr. Crickmore interleaving it, can hardly fail to be welcome to every one who has a taste for antiquities. Though its author has no pretension to original research or recondite learning, he has brought together much which will probably be new to the general reader. And his compilation has the merit of enabling us to realize many of the features of the City which had the good fortune to witness for the first time "Hamlet" and "King Lear." But Mr. Ordish should have paid more attention to accuracy, proportion and relevance. To assume, for instance, that Shakespeare came to London in 1585 is to assume what is not known and what is improbable; to spin out

an account of the gardens and flora of a town which is being studied for the purpose of throwing light on a dramatist, into some fifty pages, and to give practically no description at all of the theatres and of dramatic representations, is to set proportion and relevance at defiance. Mr. Ordish has plainly as little control over his pen as Cousin Feenix in *Dombey* had over his legs. And we wish, too, that he had refrained from the sort of eloquence in which he indulges when he describes Shakespeare, in an imaginary evening walk "through Paul's Churchyard out by Ludgate into Fleet Street, gazing on the 'whitlowe grass' on the garden wall of Southampton House, and listening to the nightingales and taking out his tablets"—to do a very odd thing—"to write, in answer to the satiric (*sic*) note of the bird," a sonnet promising himself immortality. However, the book, on the whole, has real merit and will repay perusal.

FICTION.

"A Fleeting Show." By G. Beresford FitzGerald, F.S.A. London: Digby, Long. 1897.

MR. FITZGERALD'S story has two heroes. One of them is Mr. Lionel Smith, graphic artist; the other, Dr. Matheson, head of a college at Oxford. Mr. Smith, who had been the Master's favourite pupil, went to Paris in order to study the art of painting. There he became acquainted with Mrs. Crondall, a young widow of much attractiveness, whom he wooed and won with no waste of time. Going on thereafter very prettily, the love story should please Mr. Ruskin, who cannot understand why romances should be wound up whenever the "Wedding March" has peeled the spouses out of church. In that respect it pleases ourselves; but we wish Mr. FitzGerald had been less anxious to solve high problems. Mr. Lionel Smith has an hereditary predisposition towards insanity. A spectre is frequently at his shoulder as he paints. By-and-bye, becoming very insistent, it seizes his arm. He can paint no more, and has to be put into an asylum for lunatics. Then the bride falls ill, and dies after a surgical operation. Lionel, in the madhouse, has telepathic knowledge of her death, and tells the medical superintendent that the spectre has gone for ever. Gruesome as it is, all this is gently, even charmingly, told; but we grieve to think of the nonsensical beliefs it may engender in neurotic minds. The other hero, Dr. Matheson, is made a still more dangerous figure. He is converted from metaphysical agnosticism to a state of mystical belief which would win the approval of Colonel Olcott. The Master's metaphysics may have been poor stuff; but Olcottism is stuff still poorer. Mr. FitzGerald's writing has false constructions, not a few. We are told, for example, that the Master "never discussed religion on the grounds of good breeding." Also, Mr. FitzGerald strives after wit, and usually fails. On the other hand, his writing as a whole is correctly fluent, and sometimes his endeavour to be witty meets with a mild success. "In the old days," said Dr. Matheson, "the sons followed professions, and their sisters married. Now, I hear, the sisters don't marry but follow professions, and the sons don't follow professions but marry." We consider Mr. FitzGerald a promising novelist.

"A Nineteenth-Century Miracle." By Z. Z. (Louis Zangwill). London: Chatto & Windus. 1897.

"The Beautiful Miss Brooke." By Z. Z. (Louis Zangwill). London: Raphael Tuck. 1897.

IF a respectable London tea-merchant is washed overboard from the Ostend boat in mid-channel one stormy night and at approximately the same hour his body is found on the floor of a studio in St. John's Wood with a broken skylight just overhead, and if, moreover, the corpse bears unmistakable signs of drowning by sea water, it certainly looks as if something miraculous had happened. No wonder that after the coroner's inquest, which is reported at great length in Mr. Louis Zangwill's pages, a gentleman of the "Parallax" order wrote to the papers propounding the theory that the sea is above the sky. The explanation of the mystery lies in a particularly cold-blooded murder, but in what manner it is only fair to let Mr. Zangwill

tell the reader himself. "A Nineteenth-Century Miracle" is a good story of its kind, except that the long arm of coincidence has rather too much to do, and that the murderers are an incredibly callous and cold-blooded pair. But the inevitable detective is far from being superhumanly clever—in fact, he discovers nothing at all—and the mystery is well kept up to the end. Mr. Louis Zangwill has not so far displayed extraordinary qualities as a writer, but the book may be confidently recommended for a railway journey or for the seaside. Not so the other story, "The Beautiful Miss Brooke," which is one of a series known as "The Breezy Library," described by its publishers as "an attempt to dissociate a shilling from a shocker and to supply rather a series of shilling soothers." There is certainly nothing shocking about "The Beautiful Miss Brooke," unless it be that she is an American girl who is very fond of having men kiss her, and if tediousness be soothing the story also achieves the second object of the series. Frankly we prefer the shilling shocker when it is decently written. This further effort of Mr. Louis Zangwill is patently a very commonplace pot-boiler.

"The Rudeness of the Honourable Mr. Leatherhead." Ethics of the Surface Series. No. 1. By Gordon Seymour. London: Grant Richards. 1897.

"A Homburg Story." Ethics of the Surface Series. No. 2. By Gordon Seymour. London: Grant Richards. 1897.

Mr. Gordon Seymour is a novelist with a theory. He thinks that novels err "in dealing too exclusively with what are supposed to be the fundamental and ruling interests and passions of life, and therefore the only proper motives to action in literature," and he has set himself to cultivate instead the more superficial aspects of life. "An eminent man of letters" who has read his two stories has patted him on the back and encouraged him with the dictum that "the most abstruse of all sciences is the Philosophy of the Superficial," which sounds nice but is really nonsense. Hence this "Ethics of the Surface Series." No. 1 is a little duodecimo volume, more than one-fourth of which is occupied by a preface in which Mr. Seymour propounds his theory. The rest tells us how the Honourable Mr. Leatherhead was very rude to a lady and spoiled his diplomatic career in consequence. This was quite as it should be, of course, and it would make a good anecdote, but the incident is a little thin as the *motif* of a novel. No. 2, "A Homburg Story," is much more interesting; but this is because Mr. Seymour has already thrown over his theory. The story, in fact, turns on the falling in love of an English member of Parliament with an American Jewess, so that the fundamental passion is as prominent as it is in most novels. It is a rather neat little story. If Mr. Seymour would endeavour to get along without a theory, he would probably do much better work. He is himself aware that he is continually being led into making his characters talk at the reader through many pages in a fashion that would be interesting enough in an essay, but which is quite out of place in a novel. In spite of all novels with a purpose and Mr. Seymour's "eminent man of letters," it remains true that the chief aim of a novel is to interest the reader in the story it tells, not to provide a vehicle for the expression of opinions regarding good manners and polite society.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE publishing world has now thoroughly recovered from its summer torpor. The Memoir of Sir Henry Rawlinson is in preparation at Messrs. Longmans. It has been chiefly written by his brother, Canon Rawlinson, of Canterbury, but chapters have also been contributed by the present baronet and by Lord Roberts.

The four following volumes of Longmans' Practical Elementary Science Series are ready:—"Practical Domestic Hygiene," by Messrs. J. Lane Nott and R. H. Firth; "Elementary Practical Physiography," by Mr. John Thornton, which is the first section of the new syllabus of the Science and Art Department; "Elementary Practical Chemistry," by Mr. G. S.

Newth; and "Elementary Practical Physics," by Mr. W. Watson. The last two works are designed as laboratory manuals for use in organised science schools.

In the preface to his "History of England," Mr. Arnold Forster describes his work as "an attempt . . . to clothe the skeleton of chronological fact with the flesh and blood which are essential parts of the animated and living figure." It will be published this season by Messrs. Cassell, in a single volume of eight hundred pages, and will be liberally illustrated.

"Cosmopolis" comes of age with the September number, and Mr. Fisher Unwin is marking the event by a distinguished list of contributors, which includes Lady Dilke and Malwida von Meysenbergh, who supplies some recollections of Mazzini.

Mr. Ernest Vizetelly's translation of "Paris" is to be among Messrs. Chatto & Windus's early issues. Together with the previous volumes, "Lourdes" and "Rome," it will complete the Zola trilogy.

Messrs. Putnam's Sons will issue next week M. Pellissier's "Literary Movement in France during the Nineteenth Century," translated by Miss A. Garrison Brinton; and two works of theological interest, Professor Tyler's "Bases of Religious Belief," and Professor Bascom's "Evolution and Religion; or, Faith as a part of a complete Cosmic System."

A record in cheap editions will be established by Messrs. Sampson Low next month, with their issue of "Lorna Doone" in two hundred and fifty pages for the modest sum of sixpence. A work useful to officers on foreign service has been compiled and edited by Mr. L. C. R. Duncombe-Jewell. It is called "A Handbook to British Military Stations Abroad," and gives the position, population, climate, and other information connected with each post. It is to be one of Messrs. Sampson Low's early publications.

The autobiography of Dr. Andrew Wilson, which is shortly due from Messrs. Jarrold's, is called "Some Reminiscences of a Lecturer."

We understand that Mr. Claude Phillips is already at work on a catalogue of the Wallace collection, and intends to follow it up with a more elaborate work on the same subject. Mr. Phillips's appointment as Keeper to the collection was announced a short time ago.

A sumptuous work is promised in Messrs. Bliss, Sands's new production, "Christ and His Mother in Italian Art," edited by Canon Eyton and Miss Julia Cartwright, and illustrated with fifty examples from the great masters. Another artistic publication from the same firm will be "Greek Art on Greek Soil," by Mr. James M. Hoppin, of Yale University. Messrs. Bliss, Sands have also in contemplation a "Progressive Science Series."

Some attractive subjects are to be found amongst Mr. George Redway's forthcoming productions. "The Actor's Art" is composed of signed articles by prominent members of the dramatic profession, expounding their individual views. The "Collector's Series" is to be supplemented by a volume from the Rev. H. R. Haweis on old violins. Mr. Clifford Harrison has collected in book form his essays on mysticism, and a small compilation has been made of "The Beauties of Marie Corelli."

What promises to be a standard History of the Tower of London has been undertaken by Lord Ronald Gower, who has had access to numerous old documents for his information. Messrs. Kegan Paul will issue the work in two volumes, the first being chiefly historical and topographical, the second biographical.

Among the autumn issues of Messrs. Digby, Long will be a new novel by Mr. Fergus Hume, entitled "Claude Duval of Ninety-five," and a volume of short stories from the pen of Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, which he has called "Furrows."

Messrs. Whittaker are publishing educational works:—"Distinguenda," a list of Latin words, with their meanings, primarily intended for army candidates, by

Mr. A. P. S. Newman; "A New Geography," by Mr. C. Bird; "A New Graduated French Course," by Professor Barrière, in two volumes; Dr. Ferdinand Hurter's translation of Professor Reychler's "Les Théories Physico-Chimiques"; "The Theory and Practice of Analytical Electrolysis of Metals," translated by Mr. J. B. C. Kershaw from the German of Dr. Bernhard Neumann; and the "School Calendar," a handbook of examinations and scholarships for 1897-98, with a list of the Universities, science and technical colleges, and the chief public schools.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Whitman: a Study." By John Burroughs. Westminster: Constable. 1897.

"Reminiscences of Walt Whitman." With Extracts from his Letters and Remarks on his Writings. By William Sloane Kennedy. Paisley and London: Alexander Gardner. 1896.

BOTH Mr. Burroughs and Mr. Kennedy echo Mr. Symonds's cry: "It is enormously difficult to write on Whitman." The obvious retort is too obvious for print; but it would be affectation not to confess at once that the perusal of the two volumes leaves the retort still winking at us with its broad schoolboy's grin. Both authors are successful enough so long as they are biographical and reminiscent, and the extracts which Mr. Burroughs prints from Whitman's hospital letters may be received with open arms. Whitman made a point of appearing in the wards of the wounded scrupulously clean and freshly dressed and with a flower or a sprig of green in his button-hole. "When he appeared, in passing along, there was a smile of affection and welcome on every face, however wan, and his presence seemed to light up the place as it might be lighted by the presence of the God of Love. From cot to cot they called him, often in tremulous tones or in whispers; they embraced him: they touched his hand; they gazed at him. To one he gave a few words of cheer; for another he wrote a letter home; to others he gave an orange, a few comfits, a cigar, a pipe and tobacco, a sheet of paper or a postage-stamp, all of which and many other things were in his capacious haversack. . . . He did the things for them no nurse or doctor could do, and he seemed to leave a benediction at every cot as he passed along. The lights had gleamed for hours in the hospital that night before he left it, and, as he took his way towards the door, you could hear the voices of many a stricken hero calling 'Walt, Walt, Walt! come again! come again!'" With so moving a passage fresh in our mind (Mr. Burroughs quotes it from a *Herald* correspondent), it seems an almost futile piece of pedantry to go on and quarrel with what an affectionate admiration has discovered to say about the poet's work. But the futility of the proceeding includes and covers the objection we have to bring against the book before us. There is Whitman the man, of whom Mr. Burroughs has something to say which we want to hear. There is also Whitman's work, which has been read, or can be read, at any moment. And there is nothing else. For when Mr. Burroughs leaves his biographical section, he plunges into a veritable sea of repetitions and generalities, as choppy as the Channel itself, wherein the reader is mercilessly tossed, only to find himself, when he escapes at last, pretty nearly where he was when he started. Mr. Burroughs's short notes follow one another in breathless disorder, until the reader is worried into exclaiming "What a fuss!" and with that exclamation the game is up. For the critic is a man who must justify his existence at every step. At the mere notion of the question "What is the use of all this?" he falls headlong to the ground, and will hardly recover his feet. Mr. Burroughs has been too sincere to consider himself; he thought only of Whitman, and all through his book we catch sight of the confession which appears at the end: "At times I feel as if I was almost as much at sea with regard to him as when I first began to study him; not at sea with regard to his commanding genius and power, but with regard to any adequate statement and summary of him in current critical terms." A less sincere critic would have made of his chief business to hide any such feeling from his readers, and, alas for morality! he would probably have written a more satisfactory book. To put the case in a nutshell, Mr. Burroughs often falls into an "&c." at the end of his sentences where an immoral man, with eyes fixed on his own precious footsteps, would have picked his way, assured that the reader would be deceived into admiration by the sight of a spotless pair of patent-leathers. Meanwhile Mr. Burroughs says some excellent things in the course of his jottings, as when he calls Whitman's work "a series of *sorties* into the world of materials."

Mr. Kennedy devotes a larger proportion of his space to Whitman's personality, though his reminiscences are not always so worthy of attention. The critical or appreciative portion is at any rate entertaining in places, and it cannot be said that a man who rearranges sentences of Wordsworth and Keats displays any fear of coming to close quarters, and very close

quarters, with his subject. So vehement is Mr. Kennedy's defence of the form in which the "Leaves of Grass" are written, that it leads him not only to prophecies for the future, but also to an indictment of the past. "One may confidently open at random the volumes of the poets in search of exemplifications of the laws of poetic art; for, with a few notable exceptions (poems and poets), they contain little that is not illustrative of what great art should *not* be in the matter of technique." The great technical law which poets frequently transgressed is that the sentence or thought must end with the line, there must be no running on. This certainly rids us of a few poets, and the law will be received with acclamation by schoolboys struggling with the hexameter. They will be glad to hear that Virgil wrote

"Flumina amem silvasque inglorius. O, ubi campi
Spercheusque, et virginibus bacchata Lacanis
Taygeta!"

because he was not a sufficient master of technique to make his sentences end with the rhythm of his line. But even if Virgil had heard of Mr. Kennedy's law and had made every one of his lines contain "an unmutated thought" (law-givers are allowed to beg the question), he would still have come under the lash. Because if there is one thing that Mr. Kennedy dislikes even more than a running on of the sense, it is "base mechanical regularity." We see, therefore, not only that great poets have, as a matter of fact, failed in their business, but also that they could not possibly have succeeded. So complete an indictment of the business of poetry has seldom been attempted, and it is not wonderful that, having got poetry into this remarkably tight place, Mr. Kennedy should lay on the blows with no sparing hand.

"The Birds of Our Country." By H. E. Stewart, B.A. London: Digby, Long. 1897.

The author tells us that this book is the outcome of some enjoyable excursions in the New Forest, in which he was accompanied by the boys of the school at Queenwood. It is not so enjoyable to read of their doings, as Mr. Stewart appears not to know that the ways of the "whole clutch" collector are no longer regarded by the world with approval. Those who follow such practices may be pleased with Mr. Stewart's adventures in the Forest; but it is to be hoped that the class is not now very numerous. The book is mainly a compilation from Seebohm and other authorities, with a sprinkling of original observations and anecdotes of tame crows and other birds not wholly without interest. The style is unpretentious—"A striking little chap is the Wheatear," writes Mr. Stewart, B.A.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

A Educational Supplement will appear with our issue of 4 September. Advertisements intended for insertion in that number should be sent to the Manager as soon as possible.

Volume LXXXIII. of the SATURDAY REVIEW, bound in cloth, 16s., is ready. Cloth cases for binding the volumes 2s., and Reading Cases 2s. 6d. and 5s. each, may be had at the Office, or through any Bookseller.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is published every Saturday morning, but a Foreign Edition is issued in time for the Indian and Colonial mails every Friday afternoon. Advertisements for this First Edition cannot be received later than Thursday night, but for the regular issue they can be taken up to 4 p.m. on Fridays. ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent to the PUBLISHING OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND. A printed Scale of Charges may be obtained on application.

FRANCE.

The SATURDAY REVIEW may be had in PARIS every Saturday from Messrs. BOYVEAU & CHEVILLET, 22 Rue de la Banque (near the Bourse), where also Subscriptions are received. Copies are likewise obtainable at Messrs. GALIGNANI'S, 224 Rue de Rivoli; at Le KIOSQUE DUPERRON, Boulevard des Capucines, Le KIOSQUE MICHEL, Boulevard des Capucines, Le KIOSQUE VERMIMES, Cour de Rome, and at the GALIGNANI LIBRARY, Nice.

AMERICA.

Copies are on Sale at the INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY'S OFFICES, 83 and 85 Duane Street, New York, Messrs. DAMRELL & UPHAM'S, 283 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., and at THE HAROLD WILSON CO., Toronto, Canada.

(For This Week's Books see page 236.)

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

Angel of Evil, An (Gertrude Warden). Stevens.
 Beacon Fires (F. A. Hyndman). Simpkin. 12.
 Belgravia (September).
 Bookkeeping, Double Entry, A Common-sense Method of (S. Dyer). Philip & Son. 12. 6d.
 Clyde River and Firth, The (Braddeley). Black.
 Cornhill Magazine (September).
 English Illustrated Magazine (September).
 English Local Government of To-day (M. R. Maltbie). Columbia University.
 Finance Minister of Portugal, Report of His Excellency the.
 Five o'Clock Tea (W. D. Howells). David Douglas.
 French, Lessons in (Louis Pasquell). Cassell & Co.
 Golden Crocodile, The (F. M. Trimmer). Downey & Co. 6s.
 Graphic Pictures (Phil May). Routledge.
 Harper's Monthly Magazine (September).
 Humanitarian, The (September).
 Italian Lessons (Anon). Cassell & Co.
 Jewish Year-Book, The (J. Jacobs). Greenburg. 3s.
 Kirkham's Find (Mary Gaunt). Methuen & Co. 6s.
 Longman's Magazine (September).
 North American Review (August).
 Power of an Endless Life, The, and other Sermons (D. Wright). Livingtons. 5s.
 Pretoria, Report of the State Mining Engineer.
 Psychological Research Society, Proceedings of the (July). Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d.
 Rash Verdict, A (L. Keith). Bentley.
 Rothamsted Experiments, The (C. J. R. Tipper). Crosby Lockwood. 3s. 6d.
 Scarlet and Blue (J. Farmer). Cassell & Co. 5s.
 Seats in Essex (J. A. Rush). King.
 Social Teaching of Jesus, The (S. Matthews). Macmillan. 6s.
 Somersetshire, The Way about (Henry Harbours). Iliffe & Son. 12.
 Song of the Ages (M. C. O'Byrne). Wickham.
 Stapleton's Luck (Margery Hollis). Bentley.
 Studies in Two Literatures (A. Symonds). Smithers.
 Tales of the Rock (Mary Anderson). Downey & Co. 3s. 6d.
 Temperance Reader, The (Rev. T. Dennis Hird). Cassell & Co.
 This World of Ours (H. O. Arnold-Forster). Cassell & Co.
 Universal Directory of Railway Officials, The (R. Blundstone). Directory Publishing Company. 10s.
 Welsh Singer, A (Allen Raine). Hutchinson. 6s.
 Woman at Home, The (September).
 Wordsworth, Selections from (W. T. Webb). Macmillan. 2s. 6d.
 World's Lumber Room, The (Selina Gaye). Cassell & Co. 2s.
 Zermatt, A Guide to (E. Whympster). Murray.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

EMPIRE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING, UNDER ONE FLAG, and MONTE CRISTO. Grand Variety Entertainment. Doors open at 7.45.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE READING ROOMS will be CLOSED from Wednesday, September 1, to Saturday, September 4, inclusive.
 E. MAUND, THOMPSON,
 British Museum, 24 August, 1897. *Principal Librarian and Secretary.*

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 For further particulars apply to the WARDEN OF THE COLLEGE, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, E.C.
 A Handbook forwarded on application.

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The WINTER SESSION will commence on Friday, October 1.
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 Mile End, E. MUNRO SCOTT, Warden.

GUYS HOSPITAL.—ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, to be competed for in September, 1897.—TWO OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS in ARTS, one of the value of £100, open to Candidates under 20 years of age, and one of £50, open to Candidates under 25 years of age; Two Open Scholarships in Science, one of the value of £150, and another of £60, open to Candidates under 25 years of age; One Open Scholarship for University Students who have completed their study of Anatomy and Physiology, of the value of £50.—Full particulars may be obtained on application to the DEAN, Guy's Hospital, London Bridge, S.E.

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These Classes will commence in October, and are not confined to Students of the Hospital.

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| Winze on Main Reef Leader | ... | 25 | to a total of 121 |
| East Rise on Main Reef Leader connecting with above Winze | ... | 29 | 93 |
| West Rise on Main Reef Leader | ... | 41 | 41 |
| Central Winze on South Reef | ... | 17 | 198½ |
| 4th LEVEL: | | | |
| Drive on Main Reef Leader East | ... | 36 | 180 |
| West | ... | 17 | 142 |
| Cross-cut North under Main-reef Leader | ... | 18 | 18 |
| Cross-cut South to South Reef | ... | 50 | 314 |
| Total | ... | 233 | 1,107½ |

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| WORK AND VALUE ON REEFS, 30 APRIL TO 30 JUNE, 1897. | | Feet of Work. | Width in inches. | Value in dwts. |
|---|-----|---------------|------------------|----------------|
| 3rd LEVEL: | | | | |
| Main Reef Leader East, North of Dyke | ... | 46½ | 36 | 35 |
| 3rd and 4th LEVELS: | | | | |
| Main Reef Leader Winze East | ... | 30 | 29 | 24'5 |
| Raise to meet the above Winze | ... | 93 | 28 | 24'2 |
| RAISE WEST | | | | |
| 4th LEVEL: | ... | 41 | 30 | — |
| Main Reef Leader East | ... | 92 | 29 | 25'5 |
| West | ... | 62 | 32 | 109'6 |
| Totals and Averages | ... | 364½ | 30'21 | 37'6 |

The main cross-cut from the Main Reef Leader cut the South Reef at 314 feet, and the following assay results are obtained:—

| | Reef width, inches. | oz. | dwts. | grs. |
|---------------------------|---------------------|-----|-------|------|
| At Face of Cross-cut | 36 | 1 | 13 | 12 |
| At each side of Cross-cut | 36 | — | 14 | — |
| At West side of Cross-cut | 42 | 1 | 19 | — |

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| Stamps at Work | ... | 40 | |
| Nett running time | ... | 27 days 7 hrs. 26 min. | |
| Tons Crushed | ... | 5,815 tons | |
| Tons per Stamp per diem | ... | 5'32 | |
| Bullion won | ... | 5,486 ozs. troy | |
| (Equal 18 dwts. 20 grs. per ton milled.) | | | |

CYANIDE.

| | |
|--|-------------------|
| 3,808 Tons treated, equal to 65'4 per cent. of tonnage milled: | |
| Bullion won | 2,506'9 |
| (Equal 15 dwts. 6 grs. per ton Cyanided.) | |
| Total Bullion | 8,392'9 ozs. troy |
| (Equal 1 oz. 8 dwts. 20 grs. per ton milled.) | |

SLIMES.

2,007 tons of Slimes equal to 35'6 per cent. of tonnage milled, and worth 8'14 grs. have been stored.

CONSTRUCTION.

THE SLIMES PLANT is nearly completed, and will be started in July.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

| EXPENDITURE for 5,815 Tons. | | REVENUE. | |
|--|--------------|--|--------------|
| | £ s. d. | | £ s. d. |
| Mining | 3,566 9 11 | MILL GOLD: | |
| Sorting and Crushing | 460 17 5 | Gold won 5,486'25 ozs. at 70s. | 19,204 17 0 |
| Milling | 1,375 4 2 | Less Insurance | 31 10 6 |
| Maintenance | 476 16 8 | | 19,173 6 6 |
| Mine Office | 627 1 8 | Plus amount received in excess of Book entries for May | 682 16 10 |
| Transfer Office | 415 10 3 | | |
| Cyaniding | 981 12 2 | CYANIDE GOLD: | |
| | 7,903 12 3 | Gold won 2,906'45 ozs. at 70s. | 10,172 11 6 |
| Written off for Development Redemption | 2,762 2 6 | Plus amount received in excess of Book entries for May | 345 8 0 |
| | 10,665 14 9 | | 10,517 19 6 |
| Profit for June | 19,708 8 1 | Total (£5 4s. 5'6d. per ton) | £30,374 2 10 |
| | £30,374 2 10 | | |

FRANCIS SPENCER, Manager.

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